THE COMMONWEAL

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DANGERS OF RADIO CONTROL

THERE are so many people refusing to buy radio receiving sets or, if they have them, refusing to use them, through sheer disgust with the flood of inane crooning, and jazz (recently so sharply castigated by Cardinal O'Connell, whose words were echoed by a host of newspaper writers), and with the prostitution of the radio to ignoble advertising—promoted by astrologers, chewing-gum makers, stocks and bonds peddlers, real estate agents and a welter of other "high pressure salesmen," offering things good, bad and indifferent—that the radio interests are alarmed, and intelligent radio listeners are giving increased attention to various plans to clean up the whole amazing mess.

The educational and entertainment values of radio are so enormous, at least potentially, and, in a true sense of the much-abused word, the cultural quality is so important, that it is inevitable that determined efforts should be launched to save the radio from the degradation which has overtaken the educational, entertainment and cultural values of the moving and speaking films. Many of the critics of radio make use of strong arguments in favor of abolishing the mere commercial scramble for radio control and to substitute federal government control, particularly over the educational and cultural uses of this potent medium for influencing the human mind, and, therefore, human character. They triumphantly point to the example of Great Britain, where all broadcasting is controlled by one corporation, licensed, and at least partly controlled by the government, and financed by the fees paid by radio listeners, which return a handsome profit. In Great Britain, say these critics, advertising is abolished, or reduced to a negligible minimum, and kept where it belongs, in newspapers and other periodicals, and on the bill-boards, or what the English call the hoardings. The programs sent out by the British Broadcasting Corporation—popularly known as the B.B.C.—are, it is claimed, much superior to the American programs as entertainment; while the educational work is definitely better. The most efficient and distinguished lecturers, college professors, novelists, critics, scientists and sociologists are brought to the public constantly, in well-balanced and logically planned programs which appeal to all grades of intelligence, from school children to high levels of trained appreciation.

All of which sounds attractive; yet in England itself there are dissenting voices which severely condemn the

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policy of the B.B.C., and assert that with all its obvious faults the American system is better. For it is said that the control of the B.B.C.'s educational and cultural policy fell into the hands of a minority of ultra-radical men and women, who gained their power under the auspices of the Left wing of the Labor Party. This camarilla is accused of exploiting the extreme views of atheistic scientists and Socialists and materialists of various sorts and kinds, including open enemies of revealed religion. Having a monopoly of the field of radio education, the power thus employed, and pretty ruthlessly employed, so far, is dangerous in the extreme.

In this country there is an attempt to modify and improve the vulgar and tawdry and commercialized flood of radio in an educational and cultural direction by means of a National Advisory Committee on Radio Education. And, of course, great credit must be given also to some of the companies, including commercial firms buying time from the radio companies, who give the American public a very large amount—perhaps about as much as the intelligent minority of the public, which may or may not be a large minority, at present —of real music, and lectures and lessons in the educational field. Yet the movement to place exclusive control in the hands of a federal board, or a government-supported board of any sort, of educational radio, may well bring dangers of the sort now being fought in England upon us over here. In fact, they seem to have appeared already under the auspices of the National Advisory Committee on Radio Education. The following letter to that committee, from the Right Reverend Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara, of Great Falls, Montana, which we have permission to publish, points out a specially obnoxious feature, illustrating what will happen when determined proponents of untested and unproven educational and religious theories gain power —as in their zeal and enthusiasm they are so apt to do in the fields of screen and radio propaganda. We now let the bishop's letter speak for itself, earnestly recommending it to the attention of our readers, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, for this is an issue which transcends confessional lines. All religious people should recognize the growing power of the modern enemies of all religions.

"The Chairman, National Advisory Committee on Radio Education, New York City, N. Y. Dear Sir: On December 19, 1931, I addressed you, at your invitation, a comment on the radio broadcast of that date by Dr. Leta Hollingworth of Teachers College, Columbia University. The lecturer had said that 'young children (except the very brightest) need no religion or philosophy of life. This is because their intelligence is too undeveloped to consider abstract questions. It is not ordinarily realized how little can be understood by younger children in moral and religious matters. Not until adolescence does the need arise for a religion or philosophy of life.'

"In my former letter I complained of your sponsorship of such false and gravely mischievous statements, and now on receipt of a printed copy of the address and of a courteous letter from Dr. Hollingworth, I must renew my protest and give my reasons.

"First: The lecturer entertains the view that religion is a matter of abstract questions. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Christian religion is a life, not a theory; it is devotion to a Person, the Person of Jesus Christ, and involves toward Him chiefly the virtues of obedience and gratitude and love. Concerning the capacity of little children for these religious virtues, Christ Himself has borne most emphatic witness when He said that 'of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' It requires no great depth in psychology to know that most children under twelve years are mentally unprepared for an understanding of abstract questions of philosophy, but to regard religion as a matter of abstraction, is a capital error. Cardinal Newman devoted his greatest psychological work, 'The Grammar of Assent,' to the unfolding of this precise point, that our assent to religion is a 'real' assent, in contrast to the nominal assent which the mind gives to abstract truths.

"Second: What has been said of religion may be repeated of morals. The child's intellectual capacity to develop the abstract thesis from fables (cited in Dr. Hollingworth's lecture) has little relation to his moral life which is engaged in the development of natural and supernatural virtues and avoidance of the contrary bad habits. There are eminent psychologists who say that all the moral principles a child will ever have are implanted before the age of twelve. In the 1932 volume of the 'Parent-Educator,' the first chapter deals with the religious content of the minds of children, not under twelve but under six years of age. In this publication of the National Parent-Educator Committee, a fruitful exposition is made of the results of a survey of 1,300 pre-school children from this point of view. The author, a child psychologist, comments on the peculiar aptitude of pre-school children for spiritual and religious development.

"Certainly, if the denial of the capacity of the average child under twelve for religious and moral training is science, then the denial of the sun at noonday is philosophy.

"Dr. Hollingworth writes me that by 'need' for religion, she means a 'spontaneous desire.' This does not help the matter. Quite the contrary. One might point out that such usage is confined to the jargon of a psychological school. There was nothing in the text of the address to indicate that such violence was being done to the plain meaning of the word. My neighbor has a ruptured appendix, a matter concerning which he is not yet informed. No one has greater 'need' of surgery than he, but I can testify that he has no spontaneous desire for an operation.

"But the philosophy back of such a definition of 'need' is based on the all-sufficiency of human nature, and the denial both of free will and divine grace. This

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denial of the essentials of Christianity is at least as old as Pelagius, whom the Church condemned many centuries ago. It is not a conclusion of modern psychology; it is a philosophical presupposition.

"I am not in the least entering into controversy with Dr. Hollingworth. There are many people who share both her psychological principles and her views on religion. To change their views would take more than a short letter.

"My protest is against the National Advisory Committee on Radio Education sponsoring such pseudo-scientific lectures not merely because they are offensive, at least, to all religious-minded people, but for two following reasons:

"First: It permits certain philosophical presuppositions to be presented to the public, not under their own label which would at least warn people to beware of the content, but under the auspices of a supposedly non-tendential educational agency.

"Secondly: It is gravely mischievous to the welfare of America. There are thousands of young parents who on hearing it said under the auspices of the National Advisory Board on Radio Education that children under twelve do not need religion, will neglect this most important duty to God and their children. Later the unfortunate children may learn that the lecturer responsible for their lack of religious training meant only that they had no 'spontaneous desire' for certain abstractions. Meanwhile, statesmen are concerned with strengthening of religion in our time of national depression.

"If Radio Education is to involve the sponsoring of these unsound theories of life, I suggest that the air be reserved for advertising and entertainment."

WEEK BY WEEK

THE MOST formidable hulabaloo of a decade has followed the Japanese attempt to gobble up Shanghai. After months of diplomatic correspondence, which raised such grave questions as the future significance of Asiatic treaties, the value of the League of Nations and the possibility of an alliance between Tokio and Paris, the mikado's officers inferred that it was time to drop a few bombs. Their action was morally indefensible, of course. No end of Chinese boycotting of goods could justify this invasion of clearly defined national rights; and indeed Tokio made no attempt to offer any such justification, contenting itself with alleging that Japanese lives were in danger. At any rate, the Imperial Navy ran amuck in Chapei, committing excesses which the remnants of the world's moral conscience could only view with horror. Nor could the practical common sense of this world escape a real shock. On what basis does Japan hope to make peace, eventually, with China? What does this expectation mean in so far as foreign commercial and personal rights, secured with great effort, are concerned? It became apparent in the twinkling of an eye that Europe and America needed a unity they not merely did not possess but which, during many years, they had done everything possible to destroy.

At Shanghai

WHAT then was the meaning of the hulabaloo? If signs and portents mean aught, the stage was set for war. Seldom has the press reacted so immediately to the suggestion of national challenge. On the face of things, nothing was done beyond dispatching to Shanghai a body of troops held sufficient to protect the lives and property of resident Americans. This military movement was of minor importance. Yet it has not even yet been made clear by Washington that nothing more than padding the garrison was under consideration; and in all truth the nation was left to surmise that, at any moment, war might be unavoidable. Under the circumstances one can merely hope that by this time the fatuousness and folly of such a thing will have been unearthed. First of all, there is no earthly reason for becoming involved in an Asiatic conflict. Even a famous victory there would leave us quite as poorly off as we were before, and a relative defeat would be calamitous. Secondly, if a war of any kind ever deserved Sherman's definition, it would be that which happened along just now, when Western civilization cannot above all afford the substitution of jingoism for thought. But possibly—we say this with no more than an average confidence in our ability to guess—what the excitement is supposed to engender is desire for a bigger and better navy. There is at least something in that.

Mellon and Mills

THE GOLD DUST TWINS of Washington, as they are sometimes called, have in the past week been making history for themselves if not for others. "The greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton" is leaving the Treasury with the largest deficit of any time, even before Hamilton. It would be unfair to charge all of this to him, but the fact remains. With the imminence of a Democratic victory at the polls, from a strictly party point of view, it will be a nice bequest. The movement for his impeachment not getting very far, the Secretary leaves it with nothing to do, and comfortably removes to the elegancies of the Court of St. James's. There, as the President has pointed out, because of his dignity, his sense of humor and his knowledge of fiscal affairs, he will be in a position to render valuable services. His attitude toward the war debts and a tenderness in his heart for bankers, may be suspect by our 100-percenters, but there can be no reasonable question of his being an honest and patriotic man. Neither demagogic nor a breast-pounder, there can be little doubt that he will achieve more real benefits than would a person who was. He is not a type to be fooled with phrases. The fact that he is so active and valuable a public servant at seventy-seven years of age, is a most heartening refutation of the efficiency experts' brutal and stupid

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formula for chopping off heads as soon as they are old enough to appreciate the value of caution, and the common utility, possibly, of a little guile. Mr. Mills, now to step up to full direction of the country's sinews, is still largely an enigma. He looks like a Bourbon and talks like one, and beats the loud bassoon of a large chest. Whatever his capabilities, he appears to be a man who politically will be an easy mark for the orators who inveigh against "Wall Street" to shoot at, and one who, though he might appeal very pointedly to the head of the citizenry would leave the heart adamant and frosty.

Privacy

THE INVASION of the home, with the attendant shooting and beating of men, women and children there, under the would-be beneficent paternalism of prohibition, has long been a sore point to those who oppose federal prohibition, as has been the stopping of private cars on the highway, with the attendant shooting of perfectly innocent persons; the sweet forethought of the government in poisoning alcohol that might be diverted to beverage purposes, while under the tender care of Mrs. Willebrant convertible grape juices are widely distributed and the growers of the grapes in the President's state are given large government subsidies, likewise are causes of irritation to the average citizen. Observance of the letter of some laws, seems to him to involve the grossest violation of fundamental justice. It is these things, as well as the general violation of the prohibition amendment, which have largely contributed, we believe, to a decline in respect for law and authority in the United States, together with the increase of crime and of venality in public office.

THE INVASION of private telephone conversations by Department of Justice and prohibition agents, has been another point of increasing antagonism toward the government. The five to four decision of the Supreme Court that wire-tapping did not constitute a violation of the provision in the Bill of Rights of the constitution, supposedly guaranteeing the free United States citizen protection against "unlawful searches and seizures," caused such a widespread outburst of public indignation that the Department of Justice announced that its agents had been instructed not to tap telephone wires to get evidence. Without the formality of public announcement, however, these instructions obviously may be changed at any time, or special exceptions made. We therefore heartily endorse a bill now pending in the Senate and the House which would make evidence obtained by wire-tapping inadmissable in federal courts. The dissenting opinion of the Supreme Court written by Justice Brandeis, seems to us to contain a significant passage apropos of this whole question. It says: "Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to repel invasion of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding."

Looking into Science

SOME years ago, a group of Catholic scientists rallied round Father John A. Cooper and decided that something would have to be done about themselves. One practical resolve was to hold a special meeting each year during the sessions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. So well was this appreciated that the number of those in attendance steadily grew. Thus were the good results of conference achieved, and the mistake of constituting a separate organization and a special platform avoided. The minutes of the third "round table," held in Cleveland during December, are now before us. We do not hesitate to declare that the four closely printed pages of this document form the soundest, the frankest and the most encouraging commentary on American Catholic higher education from the inside which has ever come to our attention. First of all, there was a unanimity of opinion about the research work now being done. Or rather, not done. But when it came to the why and wherefore of existing conditions, the conferees were of differing minds. Some placed the blame on the instructor, who was accused of unwillingness to expend his leisure hours on hard toil. Others averred that the financial status of the Catholic college precluded securing the kind of instructor who could be expected to devote himself, outside the classroom, to anything more strenuous than golf. Finally some felt that a prevalent, so-called Catholic "attitude" toward science and investigation blocks the development of service to truth, as that exists apart from religious truth.

HOWEVER all this may be decided, the assembled scientists manifested their own genuine willingness to face the problem boldly and critically. The meeting was then treated to an address by His Excellency, the Bishop of Cleveland. Bishop Schrembs's remarks were so pertinent, at this stage of the world's history, that we cannot refrain from quoting the bulletin directly: "The solution of our many baffling problems is to strengthen our schools by making them as good as they can be made. We will not do this by overreaching—an altogether too frequent mistake. We must take those students to whom we cannot offer courses in our own institutions and send them to the best possible schools outside the Church—especially to those where Catholic professors by example create a sentiment of constancy in their Faith. Once they are there we must surround them with all possible safeguards. In this regard the bishop quoted the present Pope's remark to Dr. Pritchard of the Carnegie Institute when the latter laid the plans for rebuilding the Vatican Library before the Pope. Dr. Pritchard suggested that it might

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be necessary to have some closed cabinets for some of the books. Pope Pius smiled and said, 'Don't worry on the score of locking up certain volumes, the truth is the last thing the Church has to fear.' If we take our students and prepare them well from the elementary school on, giving them their religion as a matter not of memorizing but of conviction, we shall strengthen them to stand on their own legs in an atmosphere at best of agnosticism. Then when they go out to specialize we need not waste time calling each other names, but can send them to the best possible schools. We Catholics know where our own schools are not best equipped. In most non-Catholic schools we find that non-Catholic students come from homes where religious education is neglected even more than among Catholics. So that we need not be afraid that our young people will be confronted with many religious questions that they would not be able to solve for themselves. It is true that at non-Catholic universities we must have someone especially trained to look after their welfare, but after we have done this we have done all that we can. No man can expect more. Meanwhile in order to strengthen our whole system we must get our Catholic people science-minded, education-minded, give them higher ambitions than merely being laboring men. The Catholic Church has a glorious past. Almost every branch of science had its foundation laid by a Catholic. We have trailed, it is true, but only because of historical conditions. Our ambition should be that those who wish to go to a Catholic institution may say that they do so because everything there is up to the highest possible standard."

The Quality of Quantity

UNLESS he was libeled in the press, an English scientist not very long ago promulgated the eugenic doctrine that a limited progeny are desirable because they conserve a family's quality. As we understand his thought (so to call it for the moment), a given family has only a given quantity of quality, and in large families the later-born members get short-changed, because the quality has begun to thin out. Everyone, of course, knows this is not true, merely on the basis of what everyone can see with his own eyes; but for the benefit of the by no means small number who will believe it anyway, we have been intending to voice our dissent to the professor's limpid mathematics as soon as we had time to acquire a few historical statistics. We owe thanks to Dr. August J. App, of the Catholic University, for presenting a very relevant collection of them, in a recent article in the *Sign*, and we summarize them—hastily, of necessity—with pleasure.

DR. APP'S list includes, in part, Père Marquette, the youngest of six; Saint Ignatius, the youngest of thirteen; Saint Francis Xavier, the youngest of six; the Little Flower, the youngest of nine; Saint Joan of Arc, the youngest of five; Saint Catherine of Siena, a twenty-fifth child. Even a eugenist, presumably, would allow these to be the names of great men and women, but there are others, to clinch it, in fields he probably finds more congenial. There is Coleridge, a thirteenth child; Lamb, the youngest of seven; Goldsmith, a sixth child; Irving, an eighth; Franklin, a fifteenth; Cooper, an eleventh; Bancroft, an eighth. This by no means concludes the list, but it is a fair and, we believe, a telling sample of Dr. App's findings, and should convince anyone in the curious state of needing conviction. What are the reasons why people set their faces against life? We are willing to allow a compassion for the very poor, working through mistaken means. Then there is the gospel of servile adaptation preached by born meddlers and inhuman social engineers, and the selfish sophistry of those who have grasped the fact that children will entail pain and trouble to them. But in addition there is surely the mere querulousness and apathy of those whom life afflicts vicariously, as too strenuous and overwhelming. They have nothing, evidently—neither a spiritual sense of the value and uniqueness of life, nor a mere magnanimous human heartiness, to teach them to exult in life, as Whitman did. Life simply tires them, and they want to shut it off, as men shut off a radio.

STRONG ARMS GALORE

ELSEWHERE in this number Mr. William Franklin Sands outlines a conception of Japanese government which will, no doubt, impress many Americans as decidedly novel. Yet there are few men living who have a better knowledge of Japan, gained at first hand and over a long period of time. When, therefore, Mr. Sands explains that the mikado's army and navy cannot be subject to the government's control, since they constitute the defensive shell or armor inside which the Japanese Empire exists and evolves, he is giving his own countrymen a lesson in political realities too often ignored in favor of vaporous theories and idealism. Japan is thus seen as a nation ruled by dictatorship, though the form this takes is quite different from the versions adopted by Europe.

Dictators are unquestionably typical incarnations of the political thinking now prevalent. And like all such incarnations they could not have appeared if long years of history had not incubated them. Capitalistic liberalism, in preparing for the World War, stitched the layettes in which Mussolinis would be swaddled. Now, however, two grave questions present themselves: is dictatorship a permanent form of rule, or if it be merely transitory, to what will it give way? These queries apply less directly to Japan than to European powers. For if the mikado's armed forces should at any time get an ignominious drubbing, the national evolution would probably be like what the Western world has already passed through.

Count Carlo Sforza, former Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, is the avowed enemy of government

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by dictatorship. His new book ("European Dictatorships." New York: Brentano's) seems the most complete case yet made out against the current trend to Fascism and Sovietism—current because it is the issue regarding which Germany, England, Austria and Hungary are now speculating more intently than ever before. Few volumes point more morals or suggest larger quantities of reflections. Very earnest reflections, too. Americans may talk freely and easily about isolation, but all of them know that national boundaries are only relative barricades. If the United States actually elected to seek complete immunity behind these, it would become a poor and exceedingly dowdy place.

A good deal of Count Sforza's book is, very naturally, concerned with Fascism, with respect to which he is of course a prejudiced witness. Other chapters deal with recent or projected coups d'état in the rest of Europe. The specific phenomena recorded do not, however, concern us here. Our point, rather, is this: to what common denominator can the movement toward "strong arm government" be reduced? What inferences can one draw? Here the count comes gallantly to the rescue. He points to the psychology bred by four years of conflict, and argues that these years almost automatically entailed a decrease of freedom. The historical parallel is clear even if not entirely cogent. After the Revolution and Napoleon, European governments turned to the idea of a Holy Alliance on the ground that the people, sickened of chaos and turmoil, would eagerly revert to the solid and traditional past. But modern dictatorships are not exactly a product of golden age mentality. They claim to be quite startlingly new.

Are they? Here, it seems to us, Count Sforza is on solid ground when he distinguishes between the Marxian dictatorship established in Russia by Lenin, and the more or less imitative movement, fomented by capitalistic nationalism in other countries. This distinction is valid, at least relatively valid. For Bolshevism was a movement away from something which had existed and toward something which had not previously been seen. Concretely expressed, it was a revulsion from czarist autocracy (which governed for the sake of nobles and bourgeois) to a communistic autocracy solely concerned with the proletariat. By comparison other European dictatorships are static, in the sense that they were formed in order to arrest movements adjudged harmful. In Spain, Primo de Rivera was summoned to power as a means of halting a drift to republicanism. Mussolini conceived of himself as the force which disciplined anarchical Italy. The Hitlerites are those who would check the German trend to international indebtedness and wage-slavery.

One sees a modicum of proof for these contentions in the fact that after a certain time the "Fascist" dictatorships cease to be dangerous or exciting. If words mean anything, Italy has backed down from high talk about Caesar and the Roman Empire into a conciliatory attitude reminiscent of democratic idealism. In Spain the strong arm withered into impotence, leaving the inevitable republic without sufficient authority to uphold even a decent amount of order. Hitlerism is still absorbing because it remains problematical. No one knows what it is, let alone what it might conceivably do. The waning of enthusiasm for Mussolini among older, detached Italians sums up pretty effectively all the contemporary conclusions. Having stood still for a while, people are beginning to wonder to what goal they will start marching.

Going back now to Count Sforza's distinction, one may risk the statement that the genuine social dynamism of our time is to be sought in the desire of the industrial poor for emancipation. This desire was widespread in Europe prior to the war, but it was not powerful enough to become a revolution because the sum-total of general prosperity was sufficiently large to assure the steady growth of the middle class. The privations imposed by the great conflict, as well as the increasing mechanization of industry, gave the problem its true dimensions. Liberalism as such was powerless to solve it, being essentially the outlook of cultivated entrepreneurs. One cannot follow Count Sforza when he declares that "democratic freedom," if left alone, would have sufficed to cure post-war ills. Something not able to insure its own being left alone is not strong enough to accomplish much else. The point about liberalism is its exit.

But dictatorship has not solved the problem. Can it do so? Pilsudski's Poland is no doubt the most interesting object lesson. Here it matters very little whether one is an ardent advocate of the new Polish state, or whether one feels that some of its claims are excessive. What impresses every observer is simply this: Poland was born into modern statehood with no silver spoon in its mouth; its difficulties (economic, political, racial) are tremendous; and so far its only social product is conformism. If governments exist to insure the temporal welfare of their subjects, then one is hard pressed to look for Pilsudski's title. The fact that the marshal has a fascinating history and is even yet an unusual man is relatively of little significance. Poland's amalgamation of unsolved puzzles may be no fault of his; but obviously it will even so be impossible to attribute deciphering them to his dictatorship.

What will happen? Throughout Europe the process of emancipating the myriad poor will proceed. This need not mean better times for the worker. It may be that the Western world will never again see a period of well-being comparable to that it had known prior to the World War or during the few years following 1925. But an era is surely, steadily approaching when the contrast between the overfed and the starved will be attacked. Perhaps the attack will succeed. That depends, in the final analysis, upon how the world chooses between Christ and Lenin. Certainly it will not, if our present knowledge means anything, hinge upon the fate of the dictators.

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JAPAN

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

That the military command of Japan has gone fishing in very troubled waters need hardly be said. The reaction of expressed public opinion in the United States has not been clear. "Are we," asks Mr. Sands in the following paper, "intentionally heading toward war with Japan for the purpose of destroying the very essence of Japanese nationality?" Or precisely what are we doing? At any rate caution suggests avoiding the first. It likewise imposes the obligation of trying to see what the vital Japanese interest is—what it would defend, if need be, to the last. Mr. Sands spent many years in the Orient.—The Editors.

WHEN the Page Foundation at Johns Hopkins was in contemplation, one of the prime movers was asked what it was meant to do. He answered, "to psychoanalyze nations." That is not as "Yankee high-falutin'" as it sounds. It is very truly the business of diplomats to psychoanalyze (in a real sense) nations as well as persons. That they do not was evidenced as clearly as possible in the preliminaries to the World War. When they fail to do so, they are useless if not harmful, and fail utterly in the objects of diplomacy. I realize that many men have defined diplomacy in various ways; I am using here the definition which I think ought to be the one most acceptable to democracies: "the art of reconciling the interests of peoples by negotiation."

It is not impossible to determine what each people's vital interests are. There is obviously in each people a bed-rock of interest, not always easily definable, but definitely there, and removable, if at all, only by force and destruction; not by argument; never by tricking or finesse.

We ourselves fairly bristle with reserved principles. We hardly enter multilateral international agreements of any importance without reservations. We do not define those reservations (such as the Monroe Doctrine) too closely, lest we be hampered in some ultimate policy which we believe vital to our well-being. We do not accept the decision of other peoples in matters of our national defense or economic necessity. Other peoples have learned to recognize certain points of that character in our national policies, and not to push us too far when they appear in discussion. The Japanese, for example, sensitive as they are and have a right to be to our exclusion legislation, are careful not to argue with us, because they are astute enough to see that diplomacy ends right there.

That is where psychoanalysis of nations has a real place. It is not enough to determine what is the bed-rock of any given people's interest concerning which it is idle to argue with them. It is necessary to study that people, to analyze their collective mind and soul and to understand why bed-rock lies just where it does, and when it is necessary to reconcile one's own basic interest with it, unless one be determined to blast it out of the way by force and war.

There is an interesting illustration of such a point that occurs to one familiar with the Far East in connection with Japanese policy on the Asiatic mainland. I know no constitutional jurist who has brought it out in a more startling manner than Professor Juan Clemente Zamora y Lopez, of the University of Havana, in his study of the Japanese constitution, printed in 1921. The closing words of this valuable contribution to the study of national constitutions are like a lightning flash on a dark landscape, showing how other people look on our relations with Japan:

> If, in this study . . . the Japanese political system interests us because it is the most perfect example there is of military aristocratic government, it is also possible that there is in it, for Cubans, an even greater importance than the satisfaction of scientific curiosity. It would not be absurd to suppose that, at no distant date, Cuba might find herself called on to coöperate with the North American democracy in the work it began in 1917, when it crossed the Atlantic to destroy on the fields of France, the power of William of Hohenzollern, one of the two great emperors who threatened the peace of the world . . . who, if he was not the "Son of Heaven," like his Oriental colleague, was the "Ally of God."

Professor Zamora's contribution to the study of Japanese national psychology is among the most lucid and logical produced in America; it is of terrible significance that it should lead to such a conclusion.

It is worth while to examine our conscience. Are we intentionally heading toward war with Japan for the purpose of destroying the very essence of Japanese nationality? Or are we loosely allowing ourselves to develop a war psychology which equally inevitably must lead to destruction out of sheer ignorance? Are we so wedded to some group of convenient formulae of precedent and procedure that we will not think beyond the words in which they are cast, and determine whether they are bed-rock principles of our own or merely someone's well-phrased generalities hallowed by usage; whether, if they be principles, they are principles according to which we are determined to rule our own conduct, or principles of some new form of *Kultur* which we are determined to force upon the rest of the world by arms?

One can, of course, be ignorant in good faith, but it is a dangerous condition for diplomats. Venial sins, sins of ignorance, sins of carelessness, should not be permitted to diplomats. If diplomacy sins, it may only sin mortally: with knowledge, with deliberation and intention, with malice.

The constitution of a national government is of course the first point of approach for a diplomat wish-

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ing to understand the range within which he can negotiate with propriety and with valid effect. The words of any constitution are, however, not enough. Words need interpretation, and it is essential not only to see the words, but to understand the psychology that produced them, and to study variant interpretations placed upon them from time to time, by acceptable authority. Our own constitution must be studied in that sense; the English words used by Americans today and by eighteenth-century Americans are not always used with the same shade of meaning. "Independence" did not mean the same thing to all Americans in 1770; divergent interpretation of the bed-rock meaning of "union" was one of the deep causes of our own Civil War.

There is a similar point to be considered in the Japanese constitution which must be understood in any attempt to reconcile fundamental but divergent interests, which I am assuming to be the true objective of American diplomacy, and not the ruthless destruction of anything in other people's lives which is not in accord with the way we want to live in our own national house.

The Japanese constitution is, like ours, a written document. That is the only point of essential similarity. Moreover, it was written in a language which no principal executive official of the United States has ever understood. It is quite unlikely that any European prime minister operating through the League of Nations knows a word of Japanese.

To return to our own affairs, we have first-class Japanese scholars in the Department of State, but normally a diplomat would base his study of the constitution on the official English translation of its wording sanctioned in Japan, and by preference, when in doubt, on the Japanese commentators who have written in English.

The English translation in current use was issued from Tokio in 1889. At that time there were many fewer Japanese speaking English with precision than there are today. Moreover, since a constitution of any sort was completely novel to Japanese thought, Western constitutional terminology might be expected. As a matter of fact, the statesmen charged with drawing a written constitution to fit the object of its granting did study English constitutional history with particular attention. The result is interesting and entirely misleading. The very first article as translated into English is evidence enough for our present purposes:

> Article I. The Empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of emperors unbroken for ages eternal.

At once, one unfamiliar with Japanese history and Japanese psychology (which is a definite thing) is given the impression of a constitution emanating as everywhere in Western constitutional government from a sovereign people, fixing and safeguarding the status of the chief executive or reigning sovereign. Nothing could be further from Japanese thought and Japanese history. It is all the other way about.

The emperor is, and his line of descent is, "from all eternity" for the simple reason that the emperor is of divine descent. No matter that this traditional dogma be challenged today by Japanese radicals; no matter that some Japanese conservatives may be slightly (but very privately) heretical on this point, or even concealed "atheists"; it is still Japanese dogma and is the very root and foundation of the whole Japanese national system.

Do I challenge the Japanese government's authorized translation of their own constitution? What do Japanese commentators say about it? There are excellent publications on that subject, easily available. Mr. Tomio Nakano (Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science) has a book, "The Ordinance Power of the Japanese Empire," published in 1923; Mr. Naokichi Kitazawa (Princeton University Press, 1929) has one, "The Government of Japan." Both these scholarly gentlemen seem to support the appearance of limitation of imperial power implied throughout this document by such phraseology as I have cited in Article I; but the psychoanalytical point I have referred to arises right there. For right interpretation it is necessary to reach the purely Japanese point of view, not only the Western point of view, which is so totally foreign to the purely Japanese mind, even though it be expressed through the medium of Japanese writers.

Japanese students of constitutional history and law who write in English are likely to have made those studies in Western universities, English or American. There is some degree of scepticism among occidentalized Japanese with regard to the divine origin and descent of the emperor. In that regard, some Japanese writers give me the impression of modernistic Catholics explaining the papal infallibility to a Methodist audience.

It is the psychology that moved men's minds then, that counts; not what some men read into the document today. True, it may all change, as our own political concepts have changed and have become very often, by interpretation, the opposite of what Americans meant to safeguard 150 years ago; but that change is not positive yet in Japan. The national fabric was given Western form for utilitarian reasons solely. It was a true metempsychosis, the entering of the Japanese soul into a new body, under the guidance and by the authority of the emperor to meet the emergency of first contact with the Western world which might destroy the essential character of the Japanese system.

The fundamental point therein is the divine origin and consequently the divine obligations of the emperor, and these could not be limited by the people for whose welfare he was responsible. The promulgation of the constitution was a creative act, a divine act, no matter what Hirobumi Ito may have thought privately and

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within himself when he clothed it in human words. Its nature would be understood perhaps better in theological terminology than in the political phraseology intelligible to the West.

It is difficult to express the concept involved without shocking Christian sensibilities; one could only appreciate it by imagining a State and Church founded by God become Man, leaving it in the hands of his physical descendants, as emperors and Popes combined, such dynasty to continue for the duration of time. I say "Pope" because the Emperor of Japan is even more papal than the Pope. He is not only sacred, inviolable and infallible; but by title and inheritance he is the head of every Japanese monastic order, of every temple. The root of this concept is that as the Church is the Mystical Body of Christ in Catholic belief, so is the Japanese Empire to the divine person who rules it. Catholics claim infallibility in the pronouncements, within a definite field and under recognizable conditions, made for the Church by its titular head, the Viceroy of God on earth. The essential Japanese thought (in spite of liberalism, heresy, atheism, modernism, or what not) is that only the divine person is infallible: the emperor. It was such a divine person who of his free will granted a constitutional form for the comfort and safety of his people; a creative act.

I say again that I am not examining here the ideas behind the minds of the men who worded the Japanese constitution for the emperor; quite possibly there have been sceptics and "atheists" among the Japanese adherents to this system, just as there may have been among Roman prelates of the Renaissance. What I am pointing out here is the system in which Japanese are born and reared and schooled.

The emperor granted a constitution out of the fullness of his power, but in granting a set of rules for normal life, which his people might share in making in normal times, he remained the reservoir of power; the rules are for normal times; for peace times. Everything connected with the safeguarding of the empire belongs to him; not reserved to him as the English translation of 1889 would imply, but reserved by him: "the emperor *is*," not "the emperor shall be," etc.

While the constitutional and parliamentary form of government modeled on that of England, seems complete, diplomats are bound to know and to remember that it is a form for use in normal times and that side by side with it, permeating, surrounding and underlying it, is the national defense system for the maintenance of the empire, and that this is a military aristocracy, not subject to nor concerned with the civil government. It is the eternally vigilant guardian of the empire and the instrument of the divine ruler, who may not allow any disturbance of the evolution of the empire.

The constitution expresses, awkwardly in current English translation, but very compellingly upon analysis, that difference between the Japanese system and all other constitutional systems in the world: the emperor may declare a state of siege, in extreme cases—in which civilian life simply ceases to be, and nothing moves except with the permission of the military, responsible only to the emperor. In the case of "disturbance of public order" (and that is capable of the widest interpretation), the emperor reassumes without further process his full powers, delegated in normal times to the civil authorities. In exercising his unlimited powers, his instruments are the Chief of Staff of the Army and the Chief of Staff of the Navy. One might expect at that point that the Minister of War and the Minister of the Navy would be the emperor's principal advisers and instruments of his wishes. Not so, however. Those two officials are members of the Cabinet, ergo, part of the civil government. The Cabinet, the Parliament, all forms and functions of civil government, are under the protection of the military guardians. Consequently, when occasion arises for exercise of that protection, members of the Cabinet follow; they may not lead.

That might be expected to make complications, but the occasion has been provided for: the Minister of War must be a general; the Minister of the Navy must be an admiral. Consequently both come in hierarchical order under the Chiefs of Staff when the occasion arises, though both may also "advise" the emperor.

This national defense system is very far from being an "irresponsible militaristic" system. Though it is a carefully designed war machine, it is a logical one in the Japanese people's conception of what they are.

We observe here a further point for the diplomatic psychoanalyst: the Japanese believe themselves to be a responsible people with a quite definite reason for being and a definite plan of evolution, which is considerably more than some Western peoples have today; and they are a singularly united and homogeneous people. They are a proud and a sensitive people. In order to treat with them at all it is necessary to treat with them on that basis. It is only with knowledge of that psychology that one can understand how extraordinarily conciliatory was their acceptance of a group of investigators appointed by the League of Nations to study the Manchurian situation; for from the beginning of their contacts with Western governments they have equipped themselves with machinery to prevent the forcing of that imperial will which is clothed in the outward form of national will, and which is based upon the emperor's divine obligation to safeguard the evolution of his people.

Catholics, at least, are familiar with the essence of a papal concordat or accord. To understand the Japanese national soul, they must first understand that in any Japanese agreement, that in the whole Japanese system, no matter how Western and modern it may appear, there is analogy to the spiritual content of Catholic temporal administration.

The Japanese will not be forced except by superior physical power resulting in the destruction of their whole system. If Western political thought feels the

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present dissimilarities so strongly that it must destroy them, I should still like to ask in whose interest it should be done. Who would profit, democracy or international Communism? If we of the West are headed for the attempted destruction of the Japanese system (begun, according to Profesor Zamora, by the United States in 1917) will the angel of peace, disguised in the tattered garments of democracy, really be the residuary legatee after forcing our formulae on the Japanese?

It is the task of diplomacy to know facts before attempting to deal with them; it is safe to assume that it is the task of diplomacy to reconcile contradictory interests, unless they are to be blasted out of the way of set purpose. Ex post facto investigations by delegates from some international body are, when all is said and done, public confession of diplomatic bankruptcy. The old diplomatic forms of the Western world (so successfully and closely copied by the Japanese) are bankrupt.

It is at least questionable whether there is any international machinery in the world capable of stopping war, or stopping fighting, even when it is not officially called war, when it concerns a bed-rock interest. I venture the opinion that nothing will ever stop or limit war but the intelligent and sober opinion of the man who eventually carries the rifle, plus an intelligent, responsible and efficient diplomacy abroad.

It is not even debatable, I think, that there is no machinery in the world that can stop us from cleaning up, let us say, San Domingo, or mopping up "bandits" in Nicaragua, or from interpreting the Monroe Doctrine as we will. There is no power on earth to stop Japan from dealing with the Manchurian situation as may seem necessary to preserve the defense interests of the empire and "orderly economic and civil progression."

On the other hand, if signatories of the Nine Powers Treaty of Washington, or of the Kellogg treaties, or any other public document to which Japan is a party, in reminding Japan that they too had interests, of whatever character they might be, in the Manchurian situation, had officially trusted Japan to safeguard those interests as she would her own (which attitude Japan has chosen to assume was meant, in her reply to our own communication), Japan's honor would be at stake. Sometimes I believe that the Japanese are the only people left in the world among whom every last man holds their national honor high; yet as far as I have observed, no one has ever tried to deal with them on that basis.

Thirty-four years ago, a very wise American diplomat urged me to take a diplomatic post in the Far East which everybody else thought too insignificant. "It is not insignificant," he said; "no post in any Far Eastern capital is insignificant. Within five years that place (Korea) will be the center of world diplomacy; within fifty years American diplomacy will have made itself in the Far East, and will mean something everywhere else in the world—or, by its operations in the Far East, it will have dug its own grave, and will mean nothing anywhere else in the world."

At the rate things have been going since 1914, I doubt that we shall be allowed to take the balance of those fifty prophetic years to reach maturity of public opinion on the Far East; yet without maturity of public opinion, no public officer charged with the safeguarding of our essential interests can be wholly effective in his diplomacy.

A. M. D. G.: I

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

"THEY knelt down and Ignatius prayed thus: 'O God! grant that the house of Thy servants may be built not for themselves alone, but for others, so that, having given their lives for the salvation of men in Jesus Christ, they may never cease to be persecuted for Thy greater glory. . . .' And having made the Sign of the Cross, they arose."

Almost four hundred years ago (at dawn on the Feast of the Assumption, 15 August, 1534) a crippled man, elderly and emaciated, spoke to six young men, five college boys and a newly ordained priest, on the top of the Mount of the Martyrs, overlooking the city of Paris. Then they went to Mass in a subterranean chapel nearby. The youthful priest gave them Communion. They made a vow of chastity; and a vow of poverty; and a vow of obedience; and they agreed that after finishing their studies they would go to Jerusalem; but if at the end of a year it was not possible to reach the Holy City (on account of war then raging) they would go to the other holy city of Rome to ask the Pope to authorize their existence as a religious order and to place that order at his command. So was the Company of Jesus formed.

Only a few days ago, in Rome, the Pope, in speaking before the Congregation of the Sacred Rites (in course of business connected with the most important duties of the Church: namely, the verification and subsequent proclamation of the heroic virtues of a Christian soul), had something to say about this Company of Jesus. He had just been informed of the action of the Madrid government in dissolving the Jesuit order in Spain and confiscating its property—its churches, its schools, its laboratories, its houses of retreat, its novitiates, its charitable institutions. This news, said Pius XI, was a sad coincidence, "just at this moment when we receive always sadder and darker news from distant Russia, new, and alas, ever worse reports from poor Mexico." But—and mark well how the Holy Father continued:

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It is true that in the sadness of the circumstances there is something supremely beautiful and glorious for us and for our good sons of the society—it is really that which made the Apostles happy when "ibant gaudentes quia digni habiti sunt pro nomine Jesu contumeliam pati" (they went rejoicing for they had been found worthy to suffer contumely for the Name of Jesus). It is really for this that they are expelled. It is really for this that they suffer. It is their glory and their consolation, and they know well that it is also our glory and consolation to have such sons, such defenders, because they can really be called, especially in this moment, not only confessors but also martyrs to the Pope, martyrs to the Vicar of Christ . . . We know that they know that the Name for Which they suffer also reveals all their strength, their confidence, their hope, their unshakable certainty in the future, whatsoever this may be, because really in the Name of Jesus is salvation: "Nomen ejus Jesus ipse enim salvum faciet populum suum" (For the name of Jesus itself will save His people).

And then the Pope went on with the business of the day, placing the name of the Venerable Vincent Pallioti, the priest who founded the Pious Society of the Missions, upon the roll of the heroes of the Faith.

And the Company of Jesus too goes on with their business of the day. They are suppressed in Spain, where was born Ignatius, their Father—and the history of which during four hundred years is integrally united with their own history? Very well—then they must go elsewhere. The churches, the schools, the houses of prayer and of retreat, the libraries, the observatories, the laboratories, the charitable institutions given to these poverty-loving men not only by rich men and women, kings and princes and grandees of Spain, but much more generously by the poor people of Spain —all this property of the poor is taken away from the friends of the poor by the state (which of course means what always it has meant, that it will enrich the oratorical gangsters of politics). Terrible news; frightful blows; but it is all very well; as the Pope reminds them, it is likewise glorious and beautiful news. They are still worthy to suffer; the prayer of Ignatius is still being granted; they are still being persecuted for the greater glory of God. And, no doubt, having also prayed, like Ignatius, and Francis Xavier, and James Lainez, and Alphonsus Salmeron, and Nicholas Bobadilla, and Simon Rodriguez, and Peter Le Fèvre—the seven who knelt on the Mount of the Martyrs four hundred years ago—they made the Sign of the Cross, and carried on. Father Vitoria, one of the best-known scientists of Spain, has already been invited to Belgium. "The younger, more vigorous members of the society will go to the mission fields in the Americas," remarks a newspaper correspondent. The old men will work where they can, as long as they can; at any rate they can go on praying: and praying is hard work too. It is to be hoped that competent hands will carry on the job which was the Jesuits' of caring for the Spanish lepers at the colony of Fontilles; and for the Jesuit institution in Madrid which last year distributed 635,000 kilograms of food to the poor. It has not yet been announced whether any of the clever, cultivated literary men and journalists, most of them eloquent Marxian Socialists, who dominate the new Spanish government, have volunteered for service at the leper colony—but, of course, there are experts that can be hired, and the task of weighing out the food for the poor should provide quite a number of deserving Socialists with statistical jobs. Provided, of course, that the Communists or anarchists do not bust up the Socialist-bourgeois experiment, and exile or kill the Socialists, and expropriate the expropriated property before the new republic can settle down.

What I quoted at the top of this article is the opening paragraph of a little book I found among my other books, and which is one (at the very least!) which I am not entitled to keep. All who love (even if they do not always understand) their books (as they love but do not always understand their wives), and who from time to time do some borrowing (of books!), are liable to get into my present unfortunate position. For I love this particular book and have clung to my ambiguous possession of it against my conscience (when my conscience happened to exert itself—which isn't, I am afraid, often enough, certainly not strongly enough). But I did not even borrow the book. It was thrust upon me, an unasked-for loan, by one of the Jesuits about whom I must write what is in my mind (and my heart and my soul as well, I hope), even although the main editorial page of my paper is as blank as Modred's shield—and we go to press tomorrow (and any journalist, especially a lazy one like myself, could tell you what that means). And now that little book lies before me among a heap of others, all of them dealing, one way or another, with the Jesuits. It lies by the side of the one with which I am particularly concerned, and to which I shall come a little later on, as a row-boat might nestle by the side of a battleship. Another one of the group is "The Jesuits in Modern Times," by John La Farge —a still smaller craft, but full of the double-distilled quintessence of its fascinating subject. Another one is "Richard Henry Tierney, Priest of the Society of Jesus," by Francis X. Talbot, of the same society, and that is a psychograph of a great soldier of that company of soldiers done in his habit as he lived—always in action, in the front-line trenches—but often out of the trenches, far ahead of all such protection as a trench implies, scouting or fighting in the no man's land which lies between the forces of those who are ranged under the banner of that Captain of the Company whose Name is their oriflamme, and those others ranged beneath the sign of the Lord of the World of Darkness. Another is about that crippled elderly man who after learning his grammar, almost his letters, among youths, led that company of college boys to the rendezvous with Christ on the Mount of the Martyr's—"Ignatius of Loyola," by Christopher Hollis.

Then there is another group, symbolized by "The Jesuit Enigma," written by one who could not solve it,

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a former Father of the society, who like the young man in a certain Gospel story, turned away sorrowing. And there is René Fülöp-Miller's enigmatic book, neither for nor against the company, "The Power and the Secret of the Jesuits"; and there is that wonderful novel which entranced Hugh Benson in his Anglo-Catholic days of romance, John Henry Shorthouse's "John Inglesant"—through the gorgeous pages of which passes that protype of so many imperturbable, intriguing, humbugging Jesuits of fiction, Father Sancta Clara. Then there is another volume at which I look respectfully enough but which I do not read really studiously—the book of books, second only to Holy Writ itself, in the Company of Jesus—"The Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius," as translated and annotated by Father Elder Mullan. And if I ransacked even my few book-shelves a bit more assiduously than I have done, and certainly if I turned to my encyclopaedias, I could give you a bibliography for this brief and hurried essay that would be several times longer than the essay itself. For, to write about the Jesuits with any degree of adequacy, either for or against them, or to attempt the still more arduous task of being neutral (though that is almost impossible, for who can really be quite impartial on the subject?) would carry a writer deep and far among all the springs and foundations of the whole history of Christendom for the last four centuries of its tremendous drama (which today seems again to be approaching some crisis involving either the doom or the deliverance of mankind). It would require an extensive knowledge of Western society's wars, politics, philosophy, education, art, science, sociology and economics; of its culture; and, interpenetrating all things, of its spiritual forces, and their movements, and their conflicts.

Such a supreme task, at once of knowledge, understanding, analysis and synthesis, obviously is not for me; but as I have already said, I must write something about the Jesuits. I would feel like a coward if I did not do so; worse still, I would be convicted in my soul of that vice that saps manhood (perhaps, but I am still less of a theologian than a historian) more disastrously than many other less respectable sins, and that is ingratitude. And, in addition, that erratic conscience of mine reminds me (rather opportunely this time) that I promised a Jesuit—Father Keating, editor of that magazine, the *Month,* which intelligent American Catholics should follow almost as closely as they read the *Catholic World,* or *America*—to review that book which towers among the others I have mentioned: "The Life and Work of Blessed Robert Francis Cardinal Bellarmine, S.J., 1542-1621," by James Brodrick, S. J., with an Introduction by his Eminence Cardinal Ehrle, S.J., in two volumes (New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons). Alas, how I hate to add the date—but there it is, 1928! And since I made that rash promise, Blessed Robert has become Saint Robert. But that latter fact, of course, while it convicts the reviewer of an almost record-breaking sluggishness, only proves how alive Bellarmine is—and how much life there is in the book about him; for surely the book helped on the canonization. But then, neither the beatification or the canonization could have happened save and except for the life triumphant beyond the grave of Bellarmine himself. And the secret of that life was and is his love and devotion for his Company of Jesus, which for him came after only two things: God, as manifested in Jesus Christ; and the Church, as God's instrument and earthly embodiment, as expressed in its head, the Pope.

Which truth gives me the opportunity of reminding myself (and such readers as may care to go along with me), of what I have always known since I have been a Catholic—and which my very delay in writing about Father Brodrick's book gives me, now that the Company of Jesus has been placed on the rack of persecution in the very homeland of its founder, a most timely occasion to affirm—the fact, namely, that only a realization of the supernatural part played by the Jesuits in the commingled history of the Catholic Church and of the world (the great drama of Eternity and Time), can throw any revealing light upon their extraordinary work and career. Only a fact not belonging to this world, explains the central, operative motive of their labors in this world. That motive explains their corporative destiny, or, rather, their corporative missions. It was incarnated in and taught by Ignatius. It was supremely illustrated in the life and work of Bellarmine. It more or less efficiently is attempted by all Jesuits everywhere—and it consists of a special and highly conscious, concentrated obedience to the head of the Catholic Church, to the Pope, as Vicar of Jesus Christ. This obedience of intelligence, of memory, and of will, is not, and never has and never can be, granted by the Company of Jesus to the Pope just because the particular Pope of any particular period was, or is, or shall be, more or less the realization of the complete ideal of what a Catholic Christian (Jesuit or non-Jesuit) would desire a Pope to be. No; it is given, it is the mark of the Jesuit freely to give it, simply and solely because the Pope *is* the Pope; that is to say, the Head of the Church of Christ on earth: and the Church is the Body of Christ. There have been Popes from Marcellus down to Pius XI who loved and trusted the Jesuits; there have been Popes who disliked and distrusted the Jesuits; there was a Pope who suppressed the Jesuits (let the historical experts fight out the question of how much his own will concurred in that complicated bit of business); but always, to the Pope, simply because he was the Pope, the Jesuits have been true as the needle of an unfailing compass is true to the magnetic pole. Unless this fact is grasped by the enemies as well as the friends of the Jesuits, their story seems one of the queerest muddles in all history. But when it is grasped it makes that story, in its main lines, in its true design, as understandable as a proposition in geometry to a geometrician.

(Editor's Note: This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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THE CARDINAL GIBBONS INSTITUTE

By JOHN LA FARGE

NO CHAIN is stronger than its weakest link. The Catholic Rural Life Conference has drawn attention to the weakest link in the chain of Catholic activity in this country, our visible instances of the Church's social program.

At Ridge in Southern Maryland, near historic St. Mary's City, the Cardinal Gibbons Institute offers a visible application of social principles which is capable of multiplied extension through the United States. The recent gift of nearly a thousand acres of good land by a public-spirited Southern Marylander, Mr. J. Goddard Mattingly of Baltimore, is enabling the institute to begin work at once, in modest fashion, toward the actual project of a rural settlement.

The institute undertakes to apply the Catholic idea, completely and concretely, to the specific living problems of the Negro. Even where the Negro has been thoroughly taught the Faith, he often meets with serious obstacles in practising it. Obstacles can arise from the attitude of white Catholics. Such an attitude, says Father Edward C. Kramer, director of the Catholic Board of Colored Missions,

> has kept thousands out of the Church of Christ, has blighted other thousands of the fruits which hard-working priests and Sisters were watching, anxiously, and has caused an altogether too widely spread belief among American Negroes that they are not wanted in the Church.

Un-Catholic discriminations with regard to colored people were wholeheartedly condemned at two recent church dedications by the Most Reverend Thomas J. Walsh, D.D., Bishop of Newark.

Obstacles just as serious, however, rise from other sources. "In fact," says Edwin R. Embree, in his illuminating book, "Brown America," "the economic struggle, however it may be rationalized, is at the base of almost all the discriminations." To the Negro are particularly applicable the words of Pope Pius XI in his encyclical "On Reconstruction":

> It may be said with all truth that nowadays the conditions of social and economic life are such that vast multitudes of men can only with great difficulty pay attention to that one thing necessary, namely, their eternal salvation.

The conditions under which Negroes live directly affect the salvation of millions of souls. Indirectly they affect the entire body of the Church.

A rural Catholic community, such as that in which the institute operates, offers the best laboratory in which to apply the Catholic idea to living conditions. Rural home conditions are sooner or later transferred to city streets, to be a burden on diocesan charitable organizations, yet the country in the long run is more remediable than the city. The integral Catholic program of life, centered in the Real Presence of Christ as the true Head of the community, yet bound up with the Church Universal and the nation at large, is more easily exemplified in the well-ordered rural community.

With all due credit to such general ideas as are expressed in its charter, particularly the decisive feature of entrusting it to an all-Negro faculty, the actual purpose of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute has become apparent chiefly as a process of evolution under the guidance of its present principal, Mr. Victor H. Daniel, himself a colored man and a former professor at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, and of his gifted wife. Why such an evolution was necessary is indicated in Mr. Daniel's own words (*Mission Fields at Home,* October, 1931):

> To have carried to this field a ready-cut program and to have attempted to superimpose such a program upon the peculiar problems of an undeveloped people, would have been fatal. . . . By close observation of the people and their needs, at all times, and by careful adjustments made as to the growth of the project and the development of the students indicated, such a program has been evolved.

In working out their program, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel observed not only the difficulties but also the opportunities presented to the group which they, as members of the same race, were in a position to appraise at their true value: the latent forces as well as the latent pitfalls. They drew upon the wide experience of non-Catholic Negro educators in meeting similar situations. Finally, they were guided by Catholic educational tradition.

Out of this experience, which has had to face the severest handicaps—still existent—of lack of space and equipment, there became evident what type of education is needed if the Negro is really to better his own condition. Mr. Daniel found:

> The greatest need in Negro education today is education that prepares a student for living, in the fullest sense of the word—education that will enable him to stand upon his own feet, and adjust himself to the facts of life steadfastly, with faith, and with vision.

Such an education is needed for the boy or girl who stays upon the farm just as much as for those who seek their fortune in the industrial or professional life. As modern radical governments have been learning to their cost, mere barren distribution of the land does not aid its beneficiaries. Technical training in the use of the land, whether in agriculture or in business methods, though absolutely necessary, does not suffice.

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Young men and women must be trained so solidly in religious and moral principles, must be made so alive to the opportunities which the land presents, and so skilled in interpreting these opportunities to others, that they will be able directly to enable their community to retain the land, instead of losing it through misuse and tax default.

Such training cannot be confined within a narrower framework than that of a complete four-year high-school course. Seven of the institute's graduates have already taken up college work, in order thereby to be more effective promotors of the institute's characteristic program: and increasing numbers will follow. One of the graduates, after completing a two-year course in the Pius X School of Liturgical Music in New York City, has begun a course in liturgical music at the institute. Whether the school years end in a "stop-short," like a Chinese epigram, or look forward to professional careers, is a matter of little moment, so long as the individual's best capacity is consulted. Some can do as effective graduate work in the field or the farm home as others in the normal school or the laboratory. The one essential is that each serve God completely with the talents that God has meted out to him.

In the meantime, as leaders are being trained, the school goes directly out to the people. Community service is itself part of the educational program. H. C. Abbott, in the *Southern Letter,* aptly summarized this part of the institute's work, which is again unique amongst Catholic schools for any race in this country:

> The initial enrolment of Cardinal Gibbons Institute was thirteen. It has since grown to 105, a large number of whom are boarding students. The school serves a rural community of 1,100 families and emphasizes in addition to its academic and vocational work, agricultural improvement, better household management, and health improvement. Diversification in farming, the raising of the family's food-stuffs as well as feed and hay for stock, pure-bred poultry, hogs and cattle, coöperative marketing, self-financing, and the production of sea foods are untiringly stressed by Mr. Daniel and his assistants through classroom training, farmers' conferences, and personal visits to the farms and rural homes within a radius of thirty to forty miles. The women and girls are encouraged in canning, sewing, dressmaking, market gardening, simple painting and home adornment.
>
> Health education is one of the major activities of the school. Appreciable progress has been made in the control and prevention of tuberculosis and dysentery, largely prevalent but preventable diseases. Mr. Daniel gives much credit for improvement along this line to the generous coöperation of physicians, dentists and health workers of Washington and Maryland, who frequently conduct clinics at the institute.
>
> The General Education Board and the Julius Rosenwald Fund [the State of Maryland and the American Catholic Home Mission Board] have recognized the value of the work and have rendered financial aid to it.

The experience of the institute workers, however, has revealed a further truth: that an educational program, no matter how able and expedient, will eventually miscarry unless it consistently stands for the principles of justice and charity. The Catholic social program is a unit, and admits of no division.

Simply stated, the Catholic idea, or the Catholic social program, requires that all men should obtain such earthly goods—house and home, occupation, civic rights, health of body and development of mind, knowledge, culture, and recreation—as will further their acquisition of the supreme Good: the grace of God in this life and the possession of Him forever in the next. Here the Catholic parts company with the Socialist, who looks upon earthly goods as all-sufficient in themselves, and denies their relationship to the Supreme Good. Since the family derives its principal meaning from the supernatural destiny of man, the family, too, is involved in the Socialist denials.

For that reason the Catholic and the Socialist will differ, if they are logical, on such matters as housing, school administration, coöperative versus industrialized agriculture, and other ordinary matters of daily life. In the same way, Catholics cannot divorce their ideas on the goods, spiritual or temporal, which are due to a larger and more powerful group of citizens from the program they devise for the smaller and weaker. Our stand as to what everyone needs if he is to do his duties as a Catholic and a citizen will be felt in the most secluded classroom. We cannot separate our religious, our social, our educational, our cultural and ethical ideas into small compartments, like the cubes in an electric refrigerator, and expect they will stay dutifully frozen. The poison in one set of unjust principles will sooner or later eat through the artificial walls, and the entire mass is thereby corrupted.

Although we live in an evil world, where we must take care not to lose the immediate good while steadfastly seeking for wider and more lasting benefits, sooner or later, if the Catholic idea is to be applied to the Negro, rural or otherwise, at all or anywhere, we must all come to recognize what the Reverend Bernard F. Bergin states frankly in the *Acolyte* for December, 1931: "Surely God never intended segregation, meanness, madness, or malice."

In its relations to the public, the most encouraging feature of the institute's program has been the opportunity that it has afforded for interracial coöperation. The highest form of charity is the effecting of justice, and the welfare of one in the long run is always the welfare of all. The remarkable assistance which the institute has received from the Negro group in this country has shown their understanding of this truth.

Such prelates as the Archbishop of Baltimore, the school's sponsor from the beginning, the Bishop of Pittsburgh and the Vicar-General of Newark have made notable sacrifices in the institute's behalf. Bishop O'Hara of Great Falls is a trustee. The institute's program has already won the complete devotion, in time and effort, of a group of our highest type of laymen; and its circle of friends far and near has quietly

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but steadily increased. The question as to the extent to which the institute's work can carry on through the present crisis and be exemplified in different parts of our country in the future, depends wholly upon the degree to which the necessity, the power, the infinite resources of the Catholic social program are appreciated by the enlightened Catholic laity.

Six years and seven months have passed since the editor of THE COMMONWEAL and the present writer were witnesses, one fine June morning, of the close of the institute's first scholastic year (a combination of Bethlehem and Valley Forge). Pacing the creaking boards of the stage in St. Peter Claver's Hall, the principal of the school explained to the assembly that the title of the review over which presided their honored guest expressed the situation of the Negro in the United States:

> It is not my weal; nor your weal; nor Mr. Williams's own special weal; but our common weal. Once Catholics in this country come to recognize that all of us have but one great interest, no matter of what race we be—the same God; the same country; and the same Faith—there will be an end of the Negro problem in the United States.

And I recollect hearing Mr. Williams say: "Amen."

PERSPECTIVES

By EDITH M. ALMEDINGEN

IT WAS an ugly habit, dismal, grey, devitalizing. She did not know it for such and in her very ignorance of it lay a quality of helplessness. She would allow a snapped shoelace, a torn-off button, burnt toast and cindered bacon to color her whole morning. She would let an overcrowded car, an indifferently served lunch, a slightly sharp remark from her employer, influence her mood for the rest of the day. She would get back to her one-room flat, sit down for a brief rest and take a mental reckoning of faded wallpaper, a broken spring in her only armchair, the frayed edge of the thin lace curtain.

She lived alone and she had neither money nor leisure for any widely spread enjoyment of her kind. Office and an apology of a room. Rare outings and a cautiously planned holiday. Her thirty odd summers lay behind her, packed like so many boiled sweets, acid drops in a tight-lidded bottle.

Not altogether tight-lidded, though! Her landlady vaguely referred to her as "the woman who'd fret in paradise if she ever got there!" Her fellow clerks dismissed her with an impatient shrug: she annoyed them whenever anything went wrong with her typewriter or when the office boy spilt ink upon her desk. She would drop absurdly plaintive remarks, remain unsmiling and taciturn for hours. Just that! Her employer merely thought of her in terms of shorthand speed. Her hands did not fidget in his private office, though her mind often did.

An inane habit! She gathered all the little things gone awry during the day, all the slashes of ugliness, all the trivial mistakes, made a bouquet of them in her mind, observed it now from this angle, now from that, left it embedded in her memory and went out in search for more. Her mathematical ability lacked much except in one respect: she could count her grievances rapidly, color them, pigeon-hole them, then draw back, and gather some fresh inspiration from her environment! An inane, drably yellow habit.

Once, as a fresh unproven girl, still pretty, since she was not really born with faded blue eyes, tired complexion and a stubbornly drooping mouth, she had tasted of romance. It came to her, unbidden, unsought for. They would go out together to watch sunsets, to gather bluebells, in the April woods. He was poor and all he could afford was an occasional bus trip or an ice in a modest tea-room. He began caring for her because her moods interested him and because of a promise he felt throbbing somewhere in her. He was a budding psychologist and took her in an abstracted, a little non-human, way.

They had an afternoon together and it rained. One of her shoes let in water and a bunch of flowers her spring hat carried became a miserable sodden rag. She nearly slipped on the pavement, dropped her umbrella and broke its handle. In time they reached shelter, but she went on uttering tiny little requiems about her shoes, hat and umbrella till supper-time. He remembered her clipped means and grew extravagant the following morning. She took his gifts a little ashamedly. Her shy thanks came out, followed by a pathetic remark about the really terrible hour she had had struggling with her typewriter in the office.

Which was a preface to a monstrously lengthy volume. He listened for a time, then her psychology had him beaten. Her romance ended in September. She was very busy over her autumn-increased grievances at the time. She indulged in a fleeting thought or two about the vicarious egotism of all male species.

She was hurrying home one April evening, a thin and genteelly shabby figure, her cotton-gloved hands grasping a few parcels. She was expecting an acquaintance to supper and indulged in a somber presentiment or two. Supper would surely be hard to cook on her tiny stove. Even bacon and eggs and coffee demanded a certain amount of room. Her pot was so small she would have to fill it twice to make enough coffee for two. She began wishing she had not asked the woman to come at all and mounting the stairs, dropped one of the parcels. Pale yellow liquid trickled out of the

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paper bag. She bent down. Three of the six eggs were gone.

That did it, beautifully. She cooked her bacon and eggs, boiled coffee and ministered to her guest's needs, her eyes somber, her mouth pressed. She struck her favorite key in the evening's conversation.

"Life is so bleak and hard, there's nothing left but to face it as it is and to get on with it."

Her guest, a newcomer at her own office, listened at first. Then became impatient. Almost rude.

"Life's bleak enough, but there's lilac in the park and—I guess a lot of other things as well."

"Oh lilac," shrugged the hostess. "But it fades so quickly. Why, you never have time to enjoy it."

Her guest would not keep silent:

"So many wondrous things that get done! Aviation and all the rest of it. And trees. And, and . . . why, little birds. And a morning in the country. I'm town-bred myself, but there are things which make you feel as though you had wine instead of blood in you—"

The hostess yawned. The woman was such a bad listener. She'd never ask her again.

"Have some more coffee," she urged, polite at some cost. "So sorry the milk got burnt. This stove—"

The guest went down the interminable stairs, more than vaguely convinced the office folks were right: "What a huge acid drop!"

Early the next morning the woman stood in the inner office, waiting for her employer to appear. She had been summoned to him. She stood, her mind rippling with shallow incoherent thoughts. She had misspelt one or two words the day before. That man, Somers, had borrowed her dictionary and never returned it! What a catastrophe! She always prided herself on the neatness of her transcription. Her thin lips went ashen-grey.

The door slammed behind her. A few papers fluttered off the desk on to the thickly carpeted floor. She took in a sharp breath. She'd explain about the dictionary. Such things happened so often.

But she'd no time. The man began speaking. She stood, listened, forgot all about the misspelt words, the half-hour of strap-hanging on the car, the shoes, bought the previous week, which pinched her feet.

So many things in life, her guest had said overnight. And this was one of them. Incredible, staggering, dagger-like sharp in its unexpectedness. The man clipped his words rapidly.

"Two weeks' wages, of course. Sorry, Miss Belmont! You understand we'll give you excellent references. As I was saying, this department is going to be thoroughly changed. We regret, of course. . . . No doubt, you'll get another job."

She went out, a little dazed, her prim grey clothes in a terrible harmony with her face. She was free to go out. She traveled home in a half-empty street car. No rush. No pushing. No strap-hanging. No heavy breathing down her neck.

She was free to go home. She reached her home, her armchair, sat down, took off her hat and smoothed her thin straight hair.

So many things in life and this was one of them.

She had never been out of employment since she had left school. There had been two or three changes, but nothing staggering. There had been a grey routine, rounded off with a weekly pay envelope, meager, but gratefully regular. There had been steady unintermittent work. No ambition. No effort. There was no sense in making effort. Work came, money followed. Cause and effect. Out of her years she had gathered a skein of dim frayed romance and a habit of counting, coloring and cherishing her grievances.

This one was so big she could neither color nor cherish it. It withdrew itself from any analysis. It forbade computation. It was no grievance. A catastrophe. . . . She felt her fingers go clammy. Her throat grew hot, tired. Her eyes smarted.

Burnt toast, cindered bacon, broken shoelaces! She leaned back in her chair, tried to consider them. But even her habit chilled, yielded her no comfort, no respite. Its perspective zigzagged, now this way, now that way. She shivered in spite of the warm April day. Put on her hat.

A street car, picked at random, brought her to the Central Park. Irrelevantly, she remembered she had not collected her two weeks' check at the office. She found a bench and fumbled in her purse. Why, she'd more than enough to carry her through a couple of days. She'd write to the office.

She leaned well back and clasped her shabby bag. She'd sit quiet for a little while and then she might take a walk before going in to lunch somewhere. She'd have a Hamburger sandwich and a sundae, perhaps, and a cup of really good coffee. She'd no thoughts about the afternoon.

Right opposite to where she sat, a May-tree stood, shy and lovely, like a maiden in her bridal dress. She looked at it vaguely. Its beauty beat against some defense within her as yet unbroken. She sniffed the air a little cautiously. Lilac, somewhere. Well, didn't lilac fade . . . so quickly that you had no time to enjoy it?

A tiny grey-breasted bird alighted on the gravel path nearly in front of the bench. Its beak held a long narrow twig. She watched it, reluctant to admit she felt interested. The twig seemed so heavy for a tiny, tiny bird. It hopped further away, toward the May-tree. It dropped the twig once, twice. It picked the twig up again unhurriedly. The twig fell down once more right at the very foot of the tree. The grey-breasted bird raised its head, chirped out a clear note, keyed to courage and picked up the stubborn twig, spread its grey-blue wings, soared, then perched on a roseate-blue branch, the twig perilously poised in the tiny beak. The grey-blue wings rose once more. The bird soared higher and higher. Out of the rose-white branches came another brave clear chirp. The twig

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secure in the tiny beak, the father-bird vanished in among the branches.

The woman from the bench gave a little cry. The morning had suddenly turned to clouds and a large drop of April rain fell on her upturned face. She paid no heed to the large drop. She would not bother to open her umbrella. She sat on, a little rigid, fascinated, no longer reluctant.

At long last, she brought herself back to activity. Rose and shook out her trim grey skirt. Crossed the path and picked a tiny sprig of rose-white blossom and tucked it away, underneath her severe white shirt. Walked toward the gates, her mind, astonishingly to herself, shaping one scheme after another. Coll's wanted an experienced stenographer. And Ambrose's. She'd go. She'd try. She'd have to own that she was sacked. She halted outside the gates.

She'd sat so long in the park that, on coming out, she found herself right in the very swim of the midday rush. She'd have to strap-hang going home. It was difficult, as her right arm was laden with a huge bunch of lilac. Her left hand clutching the strap, she stood, her mind very busy.

She was counting, coloring, pigeon-holing little things, imbedded in her memory. Once a habit, always a habit. Little things: a tiny bird, a long-narrow twig, a May-tree in its blossom, the twig dropped often and picked up just as often and carried into the safety of a potential nest. . . .

Little things. . . . She had to find her rest in them for the day. The other, her sack, was too big and staggering and disturbing. She would not think about it at all. She'd more than enough in her mind for the day.

Yes. She'd go to Coll's without any delay. Her speed was excellent, her spelling usually beyond reproach. She'd go and get her reference at once. She stooped and put the lilac into a plain glass bowl with a chipped edge. She closed her eyes to the chipped edge, and, bending, drank in the rare fragrance.

Little Rivers

Little rivers that dews have made
From bramble bushes and forest tree
And morning mists in a grassy glade,
They are the rivers dear to me.

There is boast of power in mighty streams
That bear great ships to the waiting seas,
But little rivers are made for dreams
And the heart's stored treasure of memories.

They know not travail of toil or grief,
But lightly voyage in sun and shower
The galleon of a fallen leaf
And bright-hued sails of a wind-blown flower.

They are here and there, and I know them well—
Better than anyone else I know
There is blossom of fadeless asphodel
Wherever the little rivers flow.

JOHN STEVEN MCGROARTY.

HOOVER BAITING

By JOSEPH FITZMAURICE

AS A NATIONAL pastime, open to all and enjoyed by all, Hoover baiting appears to me to be the legitimate successor to the cross-word puzzle and mah jong. I read four daily papers, some weeklies and monthlies, and an odd quarterly, and in recent months attentive observation has not enabled me to discover more than one person who, in saying a good word for the President, had real kindness in his heart and could be believed to mean what he said. Mr. Will Rogers, host to Secretary Hurley at Hollywood, did his best, by his own account, to keep his guest in line with the rest of the country, but Mr. Hurley obstinately refused to take the hint, so adding to the day's amusement of all Mr. Rogers's readers. Even in the Cabinet the Irish member must be Athanasius *contra mundum,* for the nearest any other member has got to his position is in a statement by the Secretary of Agriculture that every penny added to the price of wheat lessens the Democratic chances in 1932.

To me the thing is reminiscent of the old game of duck on the rock, in which the interest is subjective, not objective. The duck was a stone set on a rock, and we threw other stones to dislodge the duck. The enjoyment was not in any way contingent on hurting the feelings of the duck, which of course hadn't any. And although Mr. Hoover does now and then give some indication that he does not enjoy the sport quite as much as the rest of us, I doubt whether anyone cares very much if the President has feelings that may be hurt; the satisfaction derived from heaving at him is sufficient in itself. The act helps us, in our troubles, as smashing the crockery used to help Bismarck when stupid people kept him from having his way.

But if, as would appear, we are all that way, there must be something in our own natures to explain it. Why do we exalt one ruler who has had a long run of good luck and withdraw all sympathy from one who has a run of bad luck? Neither can be commended as rational, and yet both are as inevitable as the operation of natural laws. We are that way. How did we get that way? And how long have we been so?

I got what seemed to me might be a hint as to the answer in a translation of some old Irish verses; not so very old, relatively, but still dating back to 1417. Until I read them I had no idea that we, in this age that we boast about (or did up to October, 1929), are moved by waves of feeling such as actuated our forebears of the fifteenth century. It turns out, however, that even then it was the universal belief that prosperity was the sure sign of the worthiness of the ruler, and that, as was logical enough, depression was definite proof of another ruler's unworthiness. Here is how it worked out in the reign of one Irish Coolidge, if we can believe his official poet:

"The fragrant kernels of the nuts of hazels
Have been as large as any full-grown apples.
In thy good reign no floods or mountain torrents
Destroy thy fields. No, no, my righteous chieftain,
But 'neath thy eye all things are seen to flourish;
And as thy steward goes among thy subjects
He finds them wealthy, vigorous and happy.

"Oh! king of radiant face and dark brown eyebrows,
In thy good reign the grateful earth is show'ring
In lavish floods its fruits upon thy people;
For thou hast caused the goodly dews of heaven
To fall, in time to fertilize its bosom
And cause the kine to yield their milk in rivers."

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Talk about two pullets in every pot, or two cars in every garage! No baiting for that type of ruler!

I confess that when I found this enunciation of a great principle of politics, this pre-view given five hundred years ago in a tiny cow kingdom on the banks of the Moy of the mental picture that was to dominate in our day, on a whole continent, inhabited by 120,000,000, I thought rather well of Gilla Iosa Mor MacFirbis (Forbes if you are Scotch). I still do; but I had forgotten for the moment, and did not remember until I chanced to open a translation of Plato, that there were certain affinities between the old Irish and the old Greeks. Here is Adeimantus, persuading Socrates that the gods favor the pious:

> "And this accords with the testimony of the noble Hesiod and Homer, the first of whom says, that the gods make the oaks of the just
>
> " 'To bear acorns at their summit, and bees in the middle
> And the sheep are bowed down with the weight of their fleeces,'
>
> "And many other blessings of a like kind are provided for them. And Homer has a very similar strain; for he speaks of one whose fame is
>
> " 'As the fame of some blameless king who, like a god,
> Maintains justice; to whom the black earth brings forth
> Wheat and barley, whose trees are bowed with fruit,
> And his sheep never fail to bear, and the sea gives him fish.' "

Now, whether Gilla Iosa Mor MacFirbis was plagiarizing Homer, which would itself be quite an achievement for a rural scribe in Ultima Thule in the year 1417, or whether he was enunciating an idea that had been carried to Ireland by ancestors of the people amongst whom Homer "smote his bloomin' lyre," what we see clearly enough is that the same relation between prosperity and ruler of which men in our day are thoroughly satisfied and upon which they universally insist, was old already before the beginning of writing, and moreover that it has persisted in us through all the ages. It was as real to Pericles and Aristides as to Einstein and Edison. Prosperity is the gift of the gods to rulers worthy of the gift; depression concentrates upon the ruler the sufferings that come in its train. What we are doing is what we have always done since men were men. Hoover baiting is just the enjoyment of a natural right, consecrated by habit and tradition. Nothing Mr. Hoover can do can stop it until stocks go up, and then it will stop of its own accord. Just a turn of the wheel and we may be handing him a halo.

Intimacy

We drained the pool today.
It was not deep
As we had thought
Nor so meticulously
Wrought.
We found a frog or two,
A fish,
The fragments
Of a small blue dish
And one lackluster,
Cracked glass bubble;
Nothing to keep,
For all our trouble.

RUTH LAMBERT JONES.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT IS CATHOLIC LEAKAGE?

Charlottesville, Va.

TO the Editor: In spite of his drastic criticism of my article on the Catholic birth rate, I believe that Father Gerald Shaughnessy and I do not differ as much as his comments would seem to imply.

He attributes to me a "naive" faith in "The Official Catholic Directory," and gives several instances of obvious mistakes in this publication that make such a faith ridiculous. If my original article in THE COMMONWEAL gave the impression of a naive faith, I am sorry, for even before the publication of Father Shaughnessy's excellent study, "Has the Immigrant Kept the Faith?", I was familiar with these repetitions in the "Directory." And in the *Ecclesiastical Review* for January (published before Father Shaughnessy's article in THE COMMONWEAL) I had written:

"Recently, I suggested that on the basis of 'The Official Catholic Directory' we must have lost about 500,000 born Catholics last year. I never expected that this conclusion should be taken as Gospel truth. But I did hope that perhaps sufficient interest would be stirred up to make us get the real facts by more accurate and complete statistics. . . . We should have the demographic facts about Catholics in the United States. Fundamental for this is the number of Catholics in the United States from year to year. Everyone seems to be agreed that we do not know this. It is not the fault of the editor of 'The Official Catholic Directory,' but of the way in which the figures he publishes are gathered. As I understand it, the chancery offices simply add up the estimates sent in by the pastors, and report the totals for the dioceses. As has been pointed out time and again, there are defects in this method."

The real difference between Father Shaughnessy and me seems to be the amount of credence to be placed on the figures for deaths and baptisms. He points out that thirteen dioceses repeat the same figures for two or more successive years, and contends that we can hardly suppose such repetitions to be correct. I agree with him; and as a matter of fact, I omitted from my calculations some of these dioceses. That I included any of them was simply due to human frailty for which I can only say, *mea culpa*. But unless I am mistaken in going over the figures again, Father Shaughnessy himself missed three more dioceses making such a repetition.

But when Father Shaughnessy says that because thirteen dioceses report the same figures for deaths and baptisms for two or more years in succession, therefore we cannot trust any of the figures for deaths and baptisms, I fail to follow him. When other dioceses put down in the 1930 and 1931 dioceses respectively 280 and 278 deaths, 2,018 and 2,032, 782 and 732, etc., I am inclined to believe that they are reporting figures correctly.

It is true, as Father Shaughnessy says, that the canon requiring pastors to keep a record of deaths and baptisms does not in itself require a reporting of these deaths to the bishops. Still, there is an obligation of truthfulness apart from the canon law. And I am not ready, on the basis of Father Shaughnessy's argument, to accuse the pastors of nearly seventy dioceses of gross carelessness or deliberate falsification in reporting deaths and baptisms.

Perhaps the pastors who see these lines may be willing to drop a postcard to THE COMMONWEAL (without signing their names) stating whether they report deaths and baptisms

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correctly or incorrectly. If a sufficient number respond, THE COMMONWEAL could publish the results—so many pastors report correctly, so many incorrectly.

Eliminating Father Shaughnessy's thirteen dioceses, and several others whose figures seem questionable, we have left sixty-eight dioceses. According to the "Directory," these dioceses have a population of around 10,000,000; and approximately the same figure is arrived at if we assume that the death rate of the general population, 12, applies to Catholics. Father Shaughnessy says that I calculated the Catholic death rate from the "Directory" population. If I gave this impression, it was due to my lack of clearness. For I really assumed that Catholics had the same death rate as the general population. On this assumption, the birth rate would now be 32.2, instead of 32.3 as I had previously calculated. If we accept Dr. O'Hara's suggested correction of a death rate of 14—I am quoting from memory—the population of these dioceses would be reduced to about 9,000,000, but the birth rate would be increased to 37.4.

Father Shaughnessy has said that I must know the actual Catholic population of the entire United States as of December 31, 1929, and December 31, 1930, before I can calculate either loss or gain during 1930. And this is true if we are to be absolutely certain for the whole country; but it does not seem to me to be true for these sixty-eight dioceses. For the excess of births over deaths by actual report of these sixty-eight dioceses was 206,829, while the population as calculated from a death rate of 12, fell off 53,490. With a death rate of 14, the decrease would have been 12,787. All this is apart from the population figures which are given in "The Official Catholic Directory." And if we stop here, it presents a serious enough situation.

But if we say that these dioceses are a sufficiently distributed sample to be representative of the whole, we may wonder if the same proportionate loss is not being registered in the other dioceses. Hence if the total Catholic population is 20,000,000 —the lowest figure claimed by anyone, I believe—the total loss would be about twice that of these sixty-eight dioceses; or if the total is 25,000,000, the total loss would be two and one-half times the loss of the sixty-eight dioceses.

My position, then, really stands or falls on the accuracy of the death and baptism statistics of a reasonable number of dioceses embracing a fairly large proportion of the Catholic population—without knowing that total Catholic population accurately. But as I have said, I do not look upon my figures as by any means final. I may have to admit that the statistics for deaths and baptisms are too inaccurate to offer a basis for any conclusion. And at any rate, as Mr. Rumford pointed out previously in this discussion in THE COMMONWEAL, the methed which I used should be applied over a period of at least ten years.

But perhaps if we keep on pointing the alarming conclusions that can be drawn from the "Directory" figures, and men like Father Shaughnessy keep on referring publicly to the "unbelievable untrustworthiness of 'The Official Catholic Directory' statistics," we may get something better—or stop publishing any figures at all. For, as I asked before in this connection in THE COMMONWEAL:

"If the figures in 'The Official Catholic Directory,' when taken at their face value, show a very disturbing situation, and if (as the comments implied) they are so worthless that no conclusion can be legitimately drawn from them, does not the question naturally arise: Why publish them?"

REV. J. ELLIOT ROSS.

THE PLIGHT OF THE *MIDLAND*

Sauk City, Wis.

TO the Editor: Sixteen years ago John Towner Frederick, an undergraduate at the University of Iowa, started a magazine "to encourage the making of literature in the Middle West." He called it the *Midland*. Little attention was paid to it, for innumerable "little magazines" were springing up and dying. But from the first, Editor Frederick had no intention of letting the *Midland* die, for this magazine had a definite purpose, a fixed goal. Keeping the magazine alive was no easy task; it took up much of Editor Frederick's time, and later that of his wife. But the *Midland* kept on. Time paid homage to it. When 1931 came, many critics had lauded the magazine, among them H. L. Mencken, who called the *Midland* "probably the most important literary magazine ever established in America." Edward J. O'Brien rated the *Midland* highest of all United States magazines in his "Best Short Stories" annual. The relatively small group of subscribers agreed. And by 1931 the *Midland* had shown that its purpose was not in vain. It had discovered Ruth Suckow, Edna Bryner, Philip Stevenson, Roger L. Sergel and others. It had printed William Ellery Leonard, Witter Bynner, Leonard Cline, William March.

But with 1931 drawing to a close, Editor Frederick had sad news for his subscribers. From Chicago, where the *Midland* had gone in 1930, he wrote to his subscribers that unless enough subscriptions or gifts were pledged for the coming year, the *Midland* must die. He had gone carefully over the affairs of the magazine, and had been forced to this conclusion. In May, 1931, the *Midland,* until then a bi-monthly, became a monthly; expenses had gone up. Occasionally there had been deficits, which had been paid by voluntary gifts, or by Editor Frederick himself, and shared by Frank Luther Mott, now head of Iowa University's School of Journalism, who had been co-editor from 1925 to 1930. Editor Frederick and his wife and contributors had never been paid. But this year the deficit was larger; it threatened to remain at its present figure ($2,039) each year thereafter. With such a deficit confronting it every year, the *Midland* could not go on. Wrote Editor Frederick to his subscribers: "In every way except the financial, the situation of the *Midland* seems more encouraging at present than ever before. We are receiving a much larger and more varied—and on the whole more interesting—offering of manuscripts. Critical recognition of the magazine is increasingly evident. New subscriptions have come in steadily during the summer. I still believe that there must be five or ten thousand people in the country who would value the *Midland.*"

In making a plea for the life of the *Midland,* John Towner Frederick was making a plea for the continued publication of the good new fiction and poetry which he has been publishing in the *Midland* since its inception, a plea for the continued encouragement of new writers in the Middle West, a fertile field, from which in recent years have come comparatively few writers, but among them such artists as Glenway Wescott, Ruth Suckow, Margery Latimer. Editor Frederick waited to know whether there were enough readers to justify the continued publication of good, solid, unostentatious prose and poetry.

Letters began to come in—renewals, new subscriptions—but they came slowly. Many could not help. Depression had struck hard in many places. Two months Editor Frederick waited. His patience was justified. Presently he was able to announce from his small and unpretentious offices in Chicago's Monadnock Building, that the *Midland* would continue at least through 1932, that it would return to a bi-monthly basis of

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publication with the November-December issue. But the plight of the *Midland* was still very real, he warned. It was not only a breathing space that the *Midland* wanted, needed. It was the assurance of continued existence, which it had not yet received.

The fate of creative writing in the Middle West still hangs in the balance. Undoubtedly the *Midland* has given strong and steady encouragement and hope to countless writers, not only in the Middle West, but elsewhere throughout the United States. Its continued publication of unostentatious work by writers largely unknown served to encourage others to write quietly, hopefully. New writers continued to appear in the *Midland* from year to year; of those who have gone farther than the *Midland,* the editor is most proud. New writers will continue to appear as long as the *Midland* itself appears.

AUGUST W. DERLETH.

ETHICAL ADVERTISING

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: In your issue of January 6 (page 273) you publish an article under the caption, "Ethical Advertising," written by Donald Powell, in which he criticizes a Catholic paper for publishing our Mercolized Wax advertisement.

Please inform Mr. Powell of the following facts relative to Mercolized Wax: This preparation has been on the market over twenty years. It has been used by hundreds of thousands of women from whom we have received numberless unsolicited letters of praise (which we never use in our advertisements).

The ingredients used in Mercolized Wax are in accordance with recommendations made in the National Formulary, United States and British Pharmacopoeias.

The same ingredients have been used for years in the treatment of skin defects by skin specialists such as Professor Hyde of Rush Medical College, Professor De Costa of Jefferson Medical College, Dr. Marion S. Fink, noted dermatologist, Dr. M. W. Brucker of Franklyn Boulevard Hospital, the physician in charge of our laboratory, John G. Marbourg, Phg. M. D., and many other eminent physicians.

Our claims that Mercolized Wax will peel off aged skin are based on the fact that if used according to the directions enclosed in each package, it will hasten the shedding of the epidermis, clearing away discolorations such as liver spots, freckles, etc.

Our preparations have been analyzed and passed by the Boards of Health of New York City, Chicago and other cities. Our advertising is accepted by newspapers and magazine publishers all over the United States, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America, South America and England wherever offered.

We have often been solicited by Catholic publications for a schedule, but we do not consider them a profitable medium. We have been using the *Sunday Visitor* for a little over a year because one of our associates is interested in the success of the publication and in the work it is doing.

Mr. Patrick J. Kelly, president of the Dearborn Supply Company, is a subscriber to THE COMMONWEAL and for several years has paid for three or four subscriptions for other people. The writer was among the Chicago group which contributed to the support of THE COMMONWEAL during the first three years it was published and regularly attends the lectures and meetings of the Calvert Associates.

We have never noticed any other articles by Donald Powell, but if he is a regular contributor we hope he is better informed on his subject than he was on the ethics of our advertisement.

M. W. HEALY, *Vice-president,*
Dearborn Supply Company.

A MASONIC PROGRAM

Sewanee, Tenn.

TO the Editor: In connection with the movement to establish a Federal Department of Education in Washington, Catholics interested in sound American education ought, it seems to me, to regard the following statement issued by the Supreme Council of the Masons with headquarters at 1735 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.:

"The Supreme Council favors:

"1. A Federal Department of Education with a secretary in the President's Cabinet, and federal aid for public school purposes, under the absolute control of the states.

"2. A national university at Washington, supported by the government.

"3. The compulsory use of English as the language of instruction in grammar grades.

"4. Adequate provision for the education of the alien populations, not only in cultural and vocational subjects, but especially in the principles of American institutions and popular sovereignty.

"5. The entire separation of Church and State and opposition to every attempt to appropriate public moneys, directly or indirectly, for the support of sectarian institutions.

"6. The American public school, non-partizan, non-sectarian, efficient, democratic, for all the children of all the people; equal educational opportunities for all.

"7. The inculcation of patriotism, love of the flag, respect for law and order and undying loyalty to constitutional government."

Section 6 is peculiarly significant to Catholics.

M. GRAY.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN AMERICA

Kalamazoo, Mich.

TO the Editor: That most sincere article of the Reverend Edward Lyng in a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL is a very welcome statement of our attitude toward the liquor question as a moral and not a political thing. We who make this distinction too often have our voices lost or confused among those who shout for spirits for their own sake. Father Lyng ably proclaims our disdain of all that is frightful in strong drink.

I hope that those who have read it will find it thought-provoking enough to make them put their answers in writing and settle some of my own difficulties in the matter.

For instance: Granted all the postulates of the Catholic position in regard to intemperance, granted especially that for some individuals their thirst leads to such disastrous results that for them total abstinence is of obligation, why create another organism to foster this virtue? At least one other commandment is more generally violated than the one insisting upon temperance. Still, to my knowledge there is no particular organization which has as its formal object the virtue of purity, alone—or justice.

The organization already in existence, namely, the Church, zealous for all virtues, successful in this zeal through the confessional, seems the proper one to foster temperance and when necessary total abstinence. We may not dispute the cause; divine law may not be questioned. We may argue about the need for another organism to espouse that cause. Will someone put me straight?

SUBSCRIBER.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Animal Kingdom

PHILIP BARRY has a most amazing quality in his dialogue which enables him to bring to life, at times, characters of singular sensitiveness and sympathetic warmth. What his characters leave unsaid is frequently more important than what they say. They merely hint at things and, for this very reason, their emotions leap across the footlights to be shared spontaneously by the audience. There is perhaps no other American playwright who can equal this particular quality which Barry enjoys. The pity of it is that he is so seldom able to match this keen feeling for character, and this power to make it live, with a sense of spontaneous and honest play-writing. His plays are frequently artificial in their premises, mechanical in their conclusions and, in the sentimental sense, wholly emotional in their development from a rigid premise. His success of last season, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," was one of the worst offenders in this respect. His current play, "The Animal Kingdom," while vastly superior to "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," exhibits none the less this salient weakness in Mr. Barry's powers as a playwright. It holds one's interest through the deep humanity and naturalness of its characters. It exasperates one's sense of fairness through the deliberate twisting of plot and circumstance to meet the needs of a purely artificial situation.

Briefly, it is the story of a man who marries a woman of great physical beauty and few ideals, only to discover after a year or two that his feeling for her is that of a man toward a mistress, and that the woman he should have married is the one who was actually his mistress and had wanted to marry him.

As matters of plot detail, Mr. Barry has made his hero a young book publisher, the wife a girl of some rather vague social connections in the South, the family butler an ex-prize-fighter, and the publisher's mistress a young magazine illustrator who is trying to become a serious painter. As the play opens, Tom Collier (played by Leslie Howard) is announcing his engagement to Cecelia Henry (played by Lora Baxter) to his father and one or two friends. It so happens that Daisy Sage, Tom's former mistress, is returning from Europe unexpectedly that same evening. Tom explains to Cecelia just what Daisy's friendship has meant to him and that he must see her at once to let her know about his impending marriage. He leaves his guests and goes into New York that evening.

It is in the following scene between Daisy and Tom that the whole play breaks down. As an individual scene, it is amazingly well written. It brings out above all else the fact that their companionship has become increasingly one of mental understanding and mutual stimulus and that they have become quite necessary to each other in their work. Daisy has returned from Europe with a conviction that she and Tom should be married and have a child—although Mr. Barry is very careful to throw a sop to modern sophisticates by having Daisy say that the marriage need only be a temporary one for the sake of the child and not to satisfy convention. At all events, the revelation of this side of Daisy's character completely upsets Tom's easy assumption that their relationship had become almost platonic and might therefore continue on that basis after his marriage. I say that the play breaks down at this point for the simple reason that unless Tom were a complete cad and utterly insensible to real values, he would realize then and there that his only true happiness would come through marrying Daisy. He, however, gives up this chance to change his mind and leaves Daisy to return to his glamorous fiancée.

From here on, the course of the play is a foregone conclusion. The character of Daisy is so sympathetically drawn (allowing of course for the utterly amoral attitude which Mr. Barry presupposes for all of his characters) that all sympathy for the wife ceases at once and all sympathy for Tom Collier himself should cease, although Mr. Barry, with that curious blindness which allowed him to make a hero out of a cad in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," tries to keep the perspective of Tom as a victim of others rather than the victim of his own misjudgment and lack of understanding.

The rest of the play is devoted to detailing the gradual steps by which Tom's wife surrounds him with her own friends, encourages him bit by bit to publish books of inferior quality for the sake of the popular sale they will have, and otherwise tries to enclose him in a mesh of comfort, luxury and what Mr. Barry would call "the animal instinct." Toward the end of the play, after a curious scene in which, for some unknown reason, Daisy is one of the house guests at a party given by Cecelia Collier, Tom's eyes are opened to what the audience has seen all along. He abruptly leaves Cecelia to join Daisy.

From this outline, it must be obvious that Mr. Barry has combined, as usual, certain instincts for sound values with other instincts that completely disregard human fundamentals. If Tom were not a purblind idiot in the second scene of the first act, there would, of course, be no play at all. He would then and there realize that Daisy, with her quick sympathies, her downright frankness, and her pride in his finer artistic motives was offering him the only real solution of his life. But Mr. Barry has a thesis to propound and is bound to carry it through at all costs. The thesis is, that under the mask of respectable conventions, a great deal can go on to ruin the life of the artistic soul, whereas under apparent disregard of respectable standards, many finer qualities can grow and mature. Just why Mr. Barry should have this inner enmity for accepted standards is a little difficult to explain. His thesis really has nothing whatever to do with the inner theme of his play. For every man who has been stimulated to a higher endeavor by an almost platonic mistress and crushed by an overseductive wife, there are probably dozens who have been lifted to real attainment by unassuming and almost neglected wives and brought to disaster by outside entanglements. All that Mr. Barry is really doing is to write a play of two women and a man, and to show that the woman who appeals to man's intellectual and artistic instincts and is willing to sacrifice herself for them is a finer character and better influence than the woman who tries to hold him merely through physical charms, a sense of comfort and other qualities which do not rise above "the animal kingdom." The whole business of making Daisy the mistress and Cecelia the wife is merely a theatrical trick to lend spice to the situation for the delight of sophisticated audiences and has nothing to do with the core of Mr. Barry's drama. He may have felt that it was turning the tables on society at large to have the animal kingdom hide under respectability and the life of mental companionship advertised under the label of sin. But that, as I have said, is merely a trick and has no necessary relation whatever to that part of the story which has real value and meaning.

It is this tricky insincerity which during the last two or three years is spoiling some of the finest writing which Mr. Barry has ever done. It is giving to his work a cross-current of obvious insincerity which has a damaging effect upon his work as a playwright. "The Animal Kingdom" is utterly implausible unless you assume that Tom Collier is a cad from the beginning, or, if not a cad, at least a worthless fool who does not

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deserve all the pother made over him. It will be recalled that the doctor in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," who knew all too well the effect of his mental suggestions in bringing about his desired ends, was a similar character—an inherent cad given the glamor of heroism by some of Mr. Barry's eloquent dialogue.

One of the facts which most obscures the thinness and artificiality of Mr. Barry's recent play-writing is his good fortune in having for his last two plays extraordinarily fine casts. Miss Frances Fuller, for example, as Daisy Sage, lends to the already well-drawn character a really haunting loveliness and sensitive intuition. Leslie Howard, through sheer personal charm and distinction, covers up the essential caddishness (or idiocy, if you prefer) of Tom Collier. Lora Baxter does her admirable best with the character of the wife, but here, I am afraid, even the best of acting could not cover up the rather sophomoric obviousness of Barry's character. In the first scene, she is honest, straightforward, well-poised and utterly pleasing. After that, she is gradually turned into a sort of blonde vampire who accomplishes with honeyed words and insinuating gestures all her main ends. The two portraits do not fit together. All in all, this play is a very shallow and insincere bit of contriving, balanced to an obscuring degree by individual scenes of real tenderness and insight and by acting of superlative ability. This cheap trickery deserves to be exposed for just what it is. On the other hand, the real Philip Barry, who has been hiding behind a sophisticated and brittle mask for the last two or three years, emerges in spite of himself as a true poet of human character in those few scenes where he has forgotten his plots and his theses and has devoted himself without stint to the delineation of warm and understandable human feelings. (At the Broadhurst Theatre.)

Whistling in the Dark

ERNEST TRUEX would inevitably be picked to play the part of a writer of detective stories who gets cornered by a group of gangsters and is forced by them to contrive "the perfect crime" through which they can quickly dispose of an interfering police official. Mr. Truex would also be selected to play the part of the novelist who, under these circumstances, finally staves off the execution of the crime he has plotted and corners his own captors by a particularly ingenious bit of stage contriving. This, roughly, being the story of "Whistling in the Dark," by Laurence Gross and Edward Childs Carpenter, it is obvious that Mr. Truex does play the leading rôle and that he carries it off with his usual brilliant comedy sense.

The play is obviously a piece of pure theatricality which loses nothing of its entertainment value from that fact. I understand that when the play first opened, there was considerable objection taken to various profanities and blasphemies which were supposed to lend local color to the picture of the gangster group. The protest, it is worth noting, has had the practical effect of eliminating nearly all of the objectionable lines, so that the play now stands on its own feet as an amusing combination of detective and adventure story. The suspense is well maintained, the characterization, while not cutting very deep, manages to be fairly plausible. The action, particularly in the last ingenious scene, is swift and exciting. There are still two or three lines which could be blue-pencilled to distinct advantage without in the least impairing the entertainment value of the story. One of these relates to a rather murky trade conducted by third-rate drug stores. On the whole, however, the management has apparently gone quite a long way since the opening to meet public demand for amusement without unnecessary "realism." (At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

BOOKS

Logic Anent Europe

Can Europe Keep the Peace? by Frank H. Simonds. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.

MR. SIMONDS has deserved well of the republic. Instead of treating his readers like children to be soothed by bed-time stories or invalids who must be told nothing unpleasant, he has set forth in clear, even prose the reasons for European friction. He is no hireling of bankers anxious to save wildcat investments for themselves and their dupes at the expense of the American taxpayer. Still less is he a pacifist sob-sister peddling some doubtful patent medicine for all the ills of mankind. Instead he takes for granted that his fellow citizens will welcome a real effort to diagnose the troubles of Europe. The reviewer wishes to God that we had a few more writers like him.

The treaties of 1919 reduced Austria and Hungary to maimed fragments and left Germany wounded and humiliated but potentially strong. Germany has persistently refused to accept the settlement; the United States has refused to help enforce it; England and Italy have helped but little. Consequently France, to whom the treaties are all-important, has been forced to look elsewhere for allies, and has found them in Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia. With half-hearted support from England, Italy and recently from ourselves, the peoples defeated in the war have tried repeatedly to revise the settlement, but each time the French bloc has defeated them. On the other hand, the French victories have prolonged the war-time economic strain because the existing economic structure of Central Europe was built to fit political conditions which have now disappeared. Tranquillity therefore is not yet in sight.

With a physician's calmness the author shows how democratic nationalism has kept Europe's wounds open; in every country votes are to be won by resisting the foreigner; the grand-stand international conferences of "open diplomacy" have bedeviled everything and settled nothing. All, that is, except Locarno where a real though limited advance was made. Meanwhile Russia stands in the background. Controlled now for nearly fifteen years by the international revolt not only against capitalism but against all our tradition, for the moment her masters desire peace in which to build up her economic life. But they see with pleasure the civil strife between capitalist nations which may some day give them an opportunity.

That which limited the healing work of Locarno was Germany's refusal to accept as permanent her new eastern boundary with Poland. In the resurrection of the Catholic Poles after centuries of Prussian and Russian tyranny Mr. Simonds rightly sees ". . . the greatest positive change in the . . . European Continent" worked by the World War. He dwells upon the Corridor, that fifty- to twenty-mile strip of Polish land reaching down to the Baltic between East Prussia and the rest of Germany, showing clearly how no return of this contested district to Germany would make for peace. It is well to be reminded that the increasing population of Poland already numbers over 30,000,000, that the Poles are vehement patriots determined to fight rather than submit to a fourth partition of their restored country.

In dealing with the League of Nations and the Kellogg Treaties Mr. Simonds is at his best. American pacificism he aptly calls ". . . that astounding post-war phenomenon, when the peoples of a continent whose . . . cities were in ruin, . . .

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whose homes almost without exception were in mourning, were compelled to submit to endless exhortations designed to convince them that war was a curse and peace a blessing." Because it is so difficult to end Europe's difficulties and injustices without merely replacing them by new difficulties and new injustices, ". . . all American prescriptions for peace, the Covenant of the League, the Kellogg Pact, the Washington proposals for disarmament, since they proceed from the same fundamental misinterpretation of European facts, are precisely as appropriate to Continental problems as furs generously offered to equatorial tribes."

A single doubt remains to be registered. To Mr. Simonds's honor, his writing reminds us of the iron logic of Calvin—and no wonder, given his New England ancestry. The reviewer is no Pollyanna; he vastly prefers logic to slush and has as little patience as the author with people who play the fool in difficult times. But he submits that the weakness of Calvinism was that it despised the divine unreason of hope. We may be headed for another dark age, and then again perhaps not. If any one of the evils which afflict mankind had gone on to a full and logical conclusion, all our ancestors would long ago have been wiped off the planet. The reviewer believes that if the French keep a stiff upper lip and continue their pressure on Germany, then British and American opposition will remain half-hearted and in the end the German protests will die down. Certainly as far as the German masses are concerned, the gilt is off the gingerbread of Prussianism. Since this is so, no German government for a long time to come will be able to wage a serious war; there would be too many draft-dodgers and tax-dodgers. People willing to buy war bonds would be museum specimens. Thus Europe may keep the peace through weakness until democratic nationalism has had a chance to wane.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON.

The Blessed Chancellor

The English Works of Sir Thomas More; edited by W. E. Campbell. New York: The Dial Press. Seven volumes, $15.00 each.

IT IS the rugged sweet simplicity of Sir Thomas More that comes out in his English works: a thing which might be missed by those who read only his Latin works (his "Utopia" was written in Latin); a thing which distinguishes him from the other witty humanists; a thing which must be known in order that Sir Thomas More be truly known.

During those days, which began to be gilded, in which he lived, it was a fashion to try to cure pride by painting pictures of the dance of death, and by writing of death the leveler. Sir Thomas More wrote—or wrote in part—a treatise on "The Four Last Things." In so doing he followed a fashion, yet it is easy to distinguish his talk about death from the talk of the time. He does not preach to others. He reminds himself and also others of truths which are unpalatable, but medicinal. We are all like convicts being carried to our place of execution, some being dragged in carts that are swifter than others. This does not prevent gladness, but it should prevent vainglory. I wonder if More, the pet of the humanists, did not at times have to drag himself down to earth, to be rid of vainglory.

He wrote also a work here entitled "The Dialogue concerning Tyndale." More was very eager to combat Tyndale, because of the evils which Tyndale's words were leading to; and Tyndale's exalted manner, "Mark you this, and mark you that," was not a manner which More liked. Yet with what care did More approach such a task. He was a layman, and

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NEXT WEEK

BISHOP PERRY AND THREE DOCTORS, by T. Lawrason Riggs, takes up the reply of the Most Reverend James DeWolf Perry, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to the recent encyclical of the Holy Father appealing for the reconciliation in one faith of Christendom. At least remarkable, and as yet unexplained, are Bishop Perry's misquotations of the Fathers of the Church. The clearing up of these misquotations, which no doubt were due to misleading sources without reference to the originals, does much to dispel widespread misunderstandings in regard to the primacy of the See of Peter. . . . PEIPING 1932, by Catherine Talty Kenny, is a traveler's tale of China, fresh as the fastest mails could bring it from that picturesque and troubled country. Its vivid descriptions lend the flesh of reality to the bare bones of news in the papers, and give us a hint not only of the humanities in China, but also of those large, one might say philosophical, aspects of the situation that will mightily affect in the long run the day by day developments. . . . THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF HEALTH, by Joseph E. Ransdell, former senator from Louisiana and author of the law creating the institute, describes the great work there being carried on, often with an extraordinary heroism that is too little known. . . . FRANCE AND FREEDOM, by Maurice Léon, is a spirited exposition of France's position on the delicate question of disarmament and of European hegemony. . . . A.M.D.G., by Michael Williams, an article about the Jesuits and some books about the Jesuits, today and in days past, the first part of which is in this issue, will be concluded next week.

did not want to preach. He did not wish to claim for himself any superior virtue, or superior learning. So he made himself affable by seeming to invite his enemies to a consultation. With pleasant fiction he pretends that a friend of his, touched with religious misgivings, unsound inclinations, has sent a messenger to him to disclose that friend's perplexities. More invites the messenger into his house, bids him sit down with him at "a little table," and commands that no servant interrupt. The cordiality of the host refuses to be ruffled by the charges brought by the messenger. When this latter very solemnly recounts certain miracles that shock his sense of propriety, More outdoes the messenger. Yes, yes, he has heard of an abbot who ordered beams six feet too short for his building, but who, pulling on them with several other monks, lengthened them to the proper measure. Yes, he has heard of that shocking devotion of some wives to a saint who has come to be called Saint Uncumber. Saint Uncumber is prayed to by those wives in order that they may be safely widowed and uncumbered of their husbands. So says the messenger. But More has his own suggestion. Perhaps the affair is not so bad after all. Who knows but these young wives are praying that their husbands be uncumbered of *them*?

More on inessentials is all merry tales and agreement, but when it comes to essentials, then the Church is concerned, then Christ is concerned, then he is adamant. Not to appear sententious, however, he is everywhere lively with homely imagery. He had a lawyer's sense of what the point is. He could bring it out. Not in this dialogue, but elsewhere in controversy, an opponent claiming to be fair-minded, invited More also to be fair, to be a little on both sides. That, according to More, was like being advised, when ruffians were attacking a procession of the Blessed Sacrament and throwing the priests and What they carried in the mud, to help with one hand the priests, with the other the ruffians. Very strange advice!

Two superbly printed volumes contain the works which I have mentioned, and various other works, which do not belong so fully to More's maturity. They contain also valuable notes of philological and general criticism. The volumes are not meanly planned, but with a grandeur due to a man who towers greater and greater. There will be five more of these volumes. When they have all appeared, the first reprinting of More's entire English works since Rastell's, printed in 1557, will have been accomplished. A remarkable English layman will have reëmerged.

DANIEL SARGENT.

Claudel's Master

A Season in Hell: The Life of Rimbaud, by Jean-Marie Carré. New York: The Macauley Company. $3.00.

THE ENIGMA of that strange apparition in French poetry, Arthur Rimbaud, remains as perplexing as ever. Nothing less than a spiritual *tour de force* will serve to dispel the legend of this demented psyche who wrote such prophetic verse at the age of fifteen and sixteen, and forever had done with literature at nineteen. Jean-Marie Carré's monograph on the young poet who made so abrupt and irrevocable an about-face on his unquestioned gifts is a serviceable chronicle of the artist's life, clearing up the moot questions of his years in the Near East as a trader and commercial adventurer.

After stormy years of wandering and menial tasks, Rimbaud was at long last conquered by practical considerations and accepted a post as overseer of a French trading company at Harrar, an African seaport on the Red Sea, organizing expedi-

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tions and blazing trade routes that have since become the military and commercial highways of the French colonies in North Africa. He cut himself off completely from civilization and went native with his customary full-bodied capacity. He amassed a sizable fortune during his years of labor in Africa, and probably would have died there had not a cancer of the knee rendered him useless for further expeditionary work. Amputation of his right leg in the hospital at Marseilles (he was then thirty-seven) failed to check the disease.

The tale reaches a poignant climax when the prodigal, in order to entrain for the south of France, must make connections in Paris. Arriving at the capital, he spends the few hours waiting for the southbound train in the station, unaware that he is the reigning man of the hour, the dominant influence in the formation of the Symbolist group of poets. With his sister he speeds south still hoping to regain his health. In five weeks death overtakes him. The solicitous care of his sister reaches home to him a few days before he dies; the rebellious spirit who for years had nothing but abuse and defiance on his lips, receives the last sacraments and salutes the Church.

From a schoolboy at Charleville College, precocious, taciturn, introspective and burning with faith, Rimbaud became a pantheist and a Bohemian. Chafing under the rigid guardianship of his mother, he sold all his prizes for twenty francs to answer the call of Paris. But it was a war-torn country, and the gendarmerie mistook the cabalistic notations of the *vers libre* in his notebook for some cryptic instructions of a seditious youngster, and imprisoned him. His teacher, Izambard, came to his rescue and restored him to the maternal hearth. But the grass was always greener on the other side of the fence for this impetuous and ardent spirit and twice again he flew off, the third and last time upon an invitation from Verlaine, who was eager to meet the author of such novel beauty as the "Bateau ivre." Then began the years of their famous companionship, their licentious excesses and vagabondage about Paris, London and Brussels.

With Verlaine imprisoned at Mons, Rimbaud returned home once again, filled with bitterness and remorse, and unburdened himself of the last pages of "Une saison en enfer." He gave it to a printer in Brussels and planned to sell it at one franc a copy, but lost interest in it almost before the ink was dry and refused to pay for it. It was not until 1901 that a Belgian bibliophile wiped off the dust of the print-shop and thereby precipitated a literary sensation. Along with some translations of his better-known poems, "A Season in Hell" is reproduced in M. Carré's study. It is a prose work, allegorical in form, a delirious outburst with moments of fiery enlightenment.

To project satisfactorily this most tragic figure of modern French poetry would require a degree of clairvoyance approximating in itself to real genius.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Beside the Amazon

A Naturalist in Brazil, by Konrad Guenther; translated by Bernard Miall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THE FINAL sentence in the author's preface is: "And I can assure the reader that the best way of understanding a whole country—as it is the best way of understanding an individual—is to love it." Certainly he learned to love Brazil, and a large part of the enjoyment which the reader derives from this book results from Guenther's ability to infuse each page with some of his own enthusiasm.

The first part deals with the beauties of the shore. It details

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the animals and plants that live there, then slowly leads the reader back through the virgin forests to the higher, semi-arid lands of the interior. Several chapters are devoted to a fascinating description of the tropical forest and the characters that distinguish it from the dense woods of middle latitudes.

The chapter called "The Animal World of Brazil" presents much interesting paleontological material concerning the migration of species and the development of characteristic South American forms: the edentates, with the glyptodont and giant sloth of the recent past represented by smaller forms today; the rodents, among the most primitive of the placental mammals; the marsupials; the New World monkeys; and many others.

The chapter, "Nature as an Organism," shows the interdependence of all living things and the disastrous consequences of man's unthinking interference. The Brazilian Indian loved and preserved the animals, but with the advent of the white man all this is changed.

Other chapters are: "The Flowers of Brazil"; "The Mosaic of Colors"; "The Symphony of Voices"; "The Community of the Ants." Each of these is highly instructive, for the author has a fund of information at his command which he passes on to the reader, who is barely aware that he is being instructed, so delightful is the style.

The last chapter describes the people, and so completes the picture of Brazil. An index of twenty-seven pages gives the technical names of animals and plants, and lists many references for the inquiring reader who wishes more details than this book affords.

The volume is dedicated to the abbots of the Benedictine monasteries whose hospitality the author enjoyed during much of his year in Brazil.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

Good Galsworthy

Maid in Waiting, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THIS is in a way the worst and the best Galsworthy I have ever read—and I have read nearly all of him. For most of the book, except for the first 120 pages, the carpentry is excellent. This disposes of any criticism that it is a pot-boiler. The plot is good and moves swiftly, and the dialogue was never better. In that, one may see how play-writing has developed Galsworthy. I shouldn't say he is just a dramatist, as he has so many of the qualities, including brilliant description and sure style, of a distinguished novelist. Let us call him one of the best dramatic novelists of today, more French and Russian than he is English in his sense for the startling and the applicable.

But in spite of a certain amount of charm on the surface of his thought, in which he can etch the lineaments of a problem—birth control, nationality, or what not—in the fewest of words, and those the words that most readily engage one's interest, Galsworthy is not at all a great thinker. He rarely gets down to more than superficial or stereotyped treatment of a question and his characters are cardboard. Not one of the younger ones is indelibly impressed upon us. As in "The Man of Property," only those who represent the older generation (and not all of them) are alive. Kindness, fellow-feeling, sentimentality, poeticism, the characters have, but little more. It is the plot that bears them, not they the plot. Galsworthy, too, has no more understanding of Christian, especially Catholic, philosophy than a popular writer would have who speaks of the rites of the Church as though they were the celebration of some outworn

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cult. In his disbelief in the mercy of God he has always had the Greek idea of fate, of a deterministic paganism. Frequently his writing contains the patter of the reforming sociologist, so that the two trends—pagan simplicity and quasi-belief in modernism—give it a curiously muddled aspect.

The book starts with the sort of problem Henry James loved: an uncultured American's reactions to sophisticated Europeans, or rather vice versa. When this—and a more exciting subplot—disappear, the Europeans, who are English people, try to beat their own extradition law. And at the end, as Katherine Mansfield said of "Saint's Progress," there remains only an empty stage disclosing a few actors with nothing to do.

JAMES W. LANE.

Possibilities in Letters

The Outlook for Literature, by Ashley H. Thorndike. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

IT WAS inevitable that we should have an "Outlook for Literature," and it was inevitable that a Professor Thorndike should write it. Consecrated as we are to the idea of progress, which in economics and politics seems to rest in a strangely unscientific mist, it is impossible for the modern mind to be content with the present. Horizon is the necessary characteristic of our social commentary. With a Wellsian farsightedness Dr. Thorndike attempts to discuss the possibilities of our literature.

The distance of the perspective does not seem to narrow his vision. Dr. Thorndike forecasts the qualities of future readers and writers; he offers broad predictions on the relative popularity of art forms, methods of teaching, the effect of literature on international relations and human conduct, the universal use of the English language and a glorious leadership of American letters. A brilliant vision indeed, with a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

It is too easy to pick a quarrel with so eloquent an optimist and so ready a prophet. In his early chapters wherein he states, at length, that we shall have more readers of higher intelligence, more writers of superior craftsmanship, more teachers of refined taste, we bow to the obvious. We cannot except agree that the great tradition of letters "seems superior to the shifting changes of the present," and that we shall always have need for poetry, although its rhythm might be adapted to a new tempo. But sadly enough tomorrow always seems perfectly clear when today is confusion.

Dr. Thorndike proceeds to the more important parts of his essay with the statement, in "Belief and Behavior," of a number of assumptions which add little credibility to his prophecies. He bases the future of literature upon its independence of philosophy and religion, evolving a new ethic which is to guide man by imagination, "imagination inspecting his life with sympathy and humor." He assumes as the *a quo* of the future, a moral and intellectual anarchy which he views with bland approval and with a touching confidence in its efficacy. There are the stock repetitions concerning science and religion, the freedom of woman and "the advance of civilization," without the slightest intelligent interpretation of their significance. I fear that Dr. Thorndike's telescope has been focused on textbook generalizations.

"The Outlook for Literature," which is undoubtedly an honest book, and may prove to be a true one, remains in its purely quantitative appraisal of the new age a singularly unimportant and unimaginative one.

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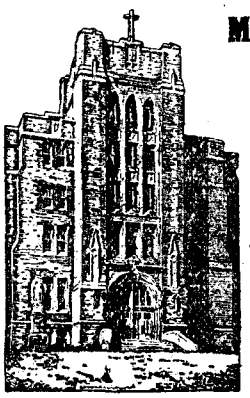

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Briefer Mention

Three Mediaeval Centuries of Literature in England: 1140-1400, by Charles Sears Baldwin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.75.

ESSENTIALLY a revision of Professor Baldwin's earlier treatise on the same subject, the present volume is designed as a succinct guide and commentary to mediaeval English literature. So judicious is the comment, so nice and usable is the arrangement, and so well-bred is the treatment as a whole, that one can only wish the work Godspeed everywhere in the United States. Though he has paid homage to scholarship with the most meticulous care, Professor Baldwin likewise humanizes what might otherwise be—and indubitably often is—very dusty philological study imposed upon rather than coveted by students. It may be well to add here that while the book was written by a non-Catholic, it is one which a Catholic scholar could well love to have penned, down to the slightest detail.

The Imperial Theme, by G. Wilson Knight. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.50.

IT IS Professor Knight's contention that "a new school of Shakespearean investigation" is in the making. Toward the work done by this he has contributed several volumes of "interpretations," by which word is meant chiefly something like chronicles of the odyssey of metaphors and imagination themes through the plays. This point of view, which has latterly interested not a few English students of poetry, no doubt has a legitimate reason for being. But it is as yet too vaguely defined to be quite trustworthy; and a certain aroma of "Shakespeare idolatry" is pervasive. These are, then, curiously instructive volumes to be read non-fanatically.

The Periodicals of American Transcendentalism, by Clarence L. F. Godhes. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press. $3.50.

AMERICAN Transcendentalism has evoked no end of criticism but relatively little good historical writing. Part of the gap Dr. Godhes now proceeds to fill, with an unusually competent study of the periodicals more or less firmly committed to the movement. The author is under no illusions, suffers from no untoward desires. His attitude is objective and his writing agreeable. Few fragments of research have added more to our knowledge of the American literary past or suggested more opportunity for further study.

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